THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded Aº Dⁱ 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

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DRAWN BY J. J. GOULD

The Democracy's Opportunity

By Former President Grover Cleveland

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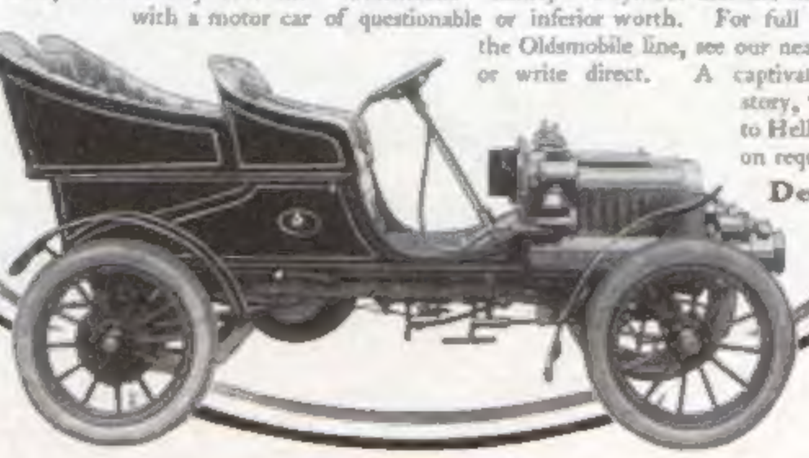

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THE DEMOCRACY'S OPPORTUNITY

By Former President Grover Cleveland

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I DESIRE at the outset to indicate the standpoint from which I address a few words to those who are interested in Democratic prospects.

More than three years ago, in a contribution to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, after referring to the disasters that had overtaken the National Democracy, I pleaded for a better recognition by the organization of the rank and file of the party, who were undismayed by defeat, still staunch in their devotion to our time-honored principles, and still eager to fight for their supremacy under trusted leadership. I then claimed no higher position in party direction than a place among those composing this rank and file; but writing after a second deplorable Democratic rout, invited by a fatuous persistence in new and strange party councils, I attempted to describe the disposition of those who bear the brunt of party battle in these words: "Our fighting forces will respond listlessly and falteringly if summoned to a third defeat in a strange cause; but if they hear the rallying call of true Democracy they will gather for battle with old-time Democratic enthusiasm and courage."

Great changes have occurred since this was written—changes full of party encouragement and full of inspiration to conscientious Democratic duty; and because of these changes I am asking my rank-and-file associates to indulge me again while, through a medium which reaches thousands of American homes, I speak of better days for Democracy and safer days for our country. If any word of mine shall, in the least degree, awaken the hope of hearing again "the rallying call of true Democracy," and thus arouse "old-time Democratic enthusiasm," I shall be content.

I am one of those who believe that there is an opportunity for Democratic success in the coming Presidential election.

Though attachment to the party in which I am enlisted and an intense desire for its ascendancy make such a belief exceedingly welcome, they certainly do not create it. It is built upon an unshaken and abiding trust in the patriotism and intelligence of my fellow-countrymen. This trust will not permit me to overlook the meaning of the daily increasing unrest among our people, growing out of the startling and flippant abandonment by the party in power of our national traditions and maxims, its disregard of our national moral restraints, its inconsiderate tendency to set aside national good faith, its willingness to break away from safe and accustomed moorings, and its contemptuous neglect of our national mission. Surely these conditions, together with the broken pledges and forgotten promises of reform that vex the sight on every side, not only abundantly explain the popular distrust and fear prevailing everywhere in the land, but suggest that in such stress of political weather those of our fellow-citizens who thoughtfully and constantly love our free institutions will not be unmindful of such safety and quiet as may be offered them by a patriotic and conservative Democracy.

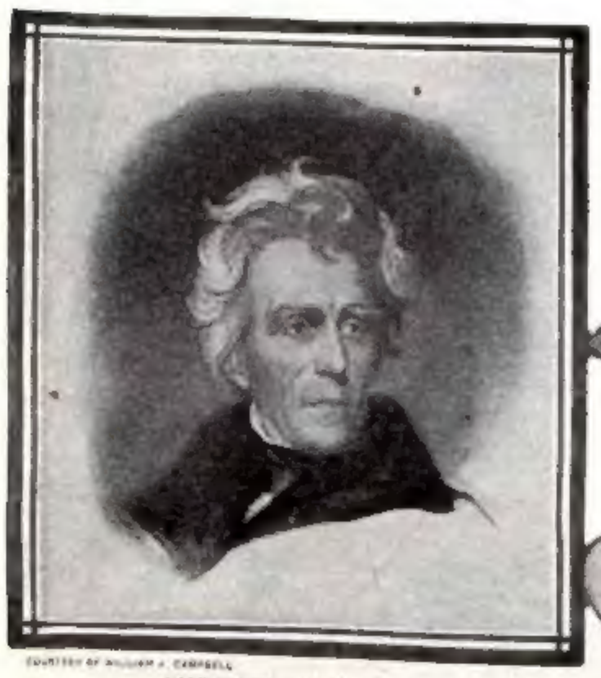
The Return of the Party to Harmony

ANOTHER incident that supports a belief in Democratic opportunity is found in the apparent determination of our party organization to recover the harmony in council and the unity of action that in times past have so often presaged Democratic success.

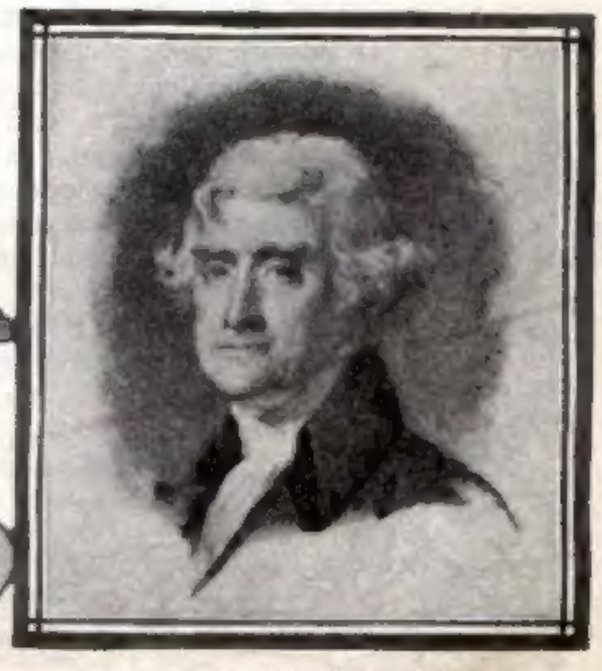
The conditions thus presented certainly justify the assertion of Democracy's opportunity. It should be remembered, however, that opportunity may be only distantly related to actual accomplishment, and that it does not of itself, unaided and alone, warrant the expectation of reaching successful results. Beyond all doubt, in reviewing the Democratic situation, the vital question is whether our opportunity shall be so supplemented that it may grow to a confident hope or anticipation of party success. A reassuring answer to this question is contingent upon the patriotism and wisdom of Democratic behavior.

It is most encouraging to note the apparent recognition of this contingency among those influential in our party councils. It will be exceedingly fortunate if they inexorably appreciate the fact that wise leadership should look upon the favorable party portents now in the political sky as creating party responsibility which can be met only by a sincere and honest offer of reasonable measures of public security and prosperity, and by truthful pledges of conscientious political service—all predicated upon the unadulterated creed of genuine and safe Democracy.

The growth of our opportunity should not be blighted by permitting appearances of popular discontent or any other incident to becloud the fact that, if success is to be gathered from such opportunity, our party has fearless, outspoken and heroic work to do. This is no time for cunning finesse, nor for the use of words that conceal intentions or carry a double meaning. The Democratic party has a message to send to its followers and to the masses of the American people. Let that message be expressed in language easily understood, unconfused by evasion, and untouched by the taint of jugglery. Its formulation should not be approached inconsiderately, but in a careful, thoughtful mood; and those will be best fitted for the work who have the clearest comprehension of the fundamental principles of true Democracy, and are the best able to measure every new incident and condition by Democratic standards. Obsolete issues, and questions no longer challenging popular interest, should be manfully abandoned; and the presentment of our claims to the people's confidence should be short, simple and courageous. The redundancy and dreariness which have sometimes overwhelmed our campaign declarations, smothering their vital announcements and absolutely discouraging their intelligent study, have no redeeming quality, unless it be considered meritorious to afford an opportunity for rhetorical display, and



ANDREW JACKSON



THOMAS JEFFERSON

to furnish a place for the deposit and preservation of political nostrums. In any event, the present emergency furnishes no room for the gratification of the vanity of platform constructors, or the pacification of insistent enthusiasts.

Democracy seeks to open to the plain people of our land the freest opportunity and the widest field for the enjoyment of thrift and comfort in their homes. It loves equality of benefits under our chosen institutions, and hates the bestowal of special privileges upon the few at the expense of the many. Therefore, in the message of our party to the people, Tariff Reform should be demanded; and this demand should be intensified by a situation which plainly discloses the shelter and aid that existing tariff laws afford to huge monopolistic business combinations which menace the sturdiness of our citizenship by closing against the individual the door of independent industrial enterprise.

Economy in Public Expenditures

NOTHING is more peremptorily exacted by the creed of genuine Democracy than economy in public expenditure; and this we should unequivocally pledge to the people. Such a pledge naturally grows out of the Democratic belief that the money received from the people for the support of their Government is held in trust for that express purpose, and that its unnecessary and reckless appropriation, even upon the pretext of a legitimate furtherance of public purposes, is bald spoliation. Though we need no better reason than this for exacting the utmost circumspection and economy in Government expenditures, such insistence should be emphasized by the increasing spread of the contagion of public waste and extravagance to our people's home expenses—thus undermining the contented frugality of our individual life and weakening the stamina and endurance of our body politic.

If this is to be a time of absolute Democratic frankness it is difficult to see why we should indulge in promises to the people which it is not within the competence of any party in Federal authority to fulfill. We shall arraign as our opponents those who have made promises and broken them. Let us not incumber ourselves and delude the people with promises which the limitations of Federal authority would not permit us to keep. Fortunately, the Democratic party need make no wild and unreasonable pledges of legislative action to prove its sympathy with the legitimate interests of labor; its hatred of monopolistic greed is so instinctive that it should be known of all men without extravagant and misleading promises of futile interference, and its obedient regard for every constitutional gift of personal right ought to be beyond question. But the line of demarcation between wrong conditions that can be rectified by the direct action of the party in control of the general Government, and those that can be reached only through popular sentiment or State regulation, should be clearly kept in view and neither evaded nor mystified. At the same time, we need not by silence leave those ignorant or heedless of party tendencies in doubt as to the disposition and sympathies of the Democratic party concerning any question affecting the common welfare of our people, nor give the least pretext for uncertainty in any quarter as to our eager determination to set in motion every available agency for the correction of abuses that threaten the people's prosperity and protection.

The topics thus far referred to in connection with the message of Democracy to the people are such as are more or less familiar to us; and their mention may suggest others of a like complexion that are worthy of presentation. But besides these, and more impressive than them all, are the new and strange questions that recent surprising incidents in our national conduct have forced upon the attention of our countrymen.

When our Government entered upon a war for the professed purpose of aiding to self-government and releasing from foreign rule a struggling people whose cries for liberty were heard at our very doors, it rallied to its enthusiastic support a nation of freemen, in whose hearts and minds there was deeply fixed by heredity and tradition the living belief that all just powers of government are derived from the consent of the governed.

It was the mockery of Fate that led us to an unexpected and unforeseen incident in this conflict, and placed in the path of our Government, while professing national righteousness, representing an honest and liberty-loving people, and intent on a benevolent, self-sacrificing errand, the temptation of sordid aggrandizement and the false glitter of world-power.

Our Fall from Grace

NO SINCERELY thoughtful American can recall what followed without amazement, nor without sadly realizing how the apathy of our people's trustfulness and their unreflecting acceptance of alluring representations can be played upon.

No greater national fall from grace was ever known than that of the Government of the United States, when in the midst of high design, while still speaking words of sympathy with the weak who struggled against the strong, and while still professing to exemplify before the world a great Republic's love for self-government and its impulse to stay the bloody hand of oppression and conquest, it embraced an opportunity offered by the exigencies of its beneficent undertaking, to possess itself of territory thousands of miles from our coast, and to conquer and govern, without pretense of their consent, millions of resisting people—a heterogeneous population largely mixed with elements hardly within the light of civilization, and all far from the prospect of assimilation with anything American.

In one hand the party in power held aloft before our people the dazzling and misleading promise of commercial advantage and the glory of rivaling monarchical expansion, while with the other it slaughtered thousands of the abject possessors of the soil it coveted, and sent messages of death and disease to thousands of American homes.

In the wildest exhibition of partisan rancor the Democratic party cannot be accused of reactionary opposition to any movement within the lines fixed by our national mission and traditions that tends to increase our country's greatness. It demands, however, that this mission and these traditions shall above all things be inviolably preserved as guides to our national activity and standards for the measurement of every national achievement. Democracy will not be cajoled into silence by the transient appearance of a manufactured or heedless public sentiment, but will speak, and trust for its vindication to the sober second thought of our people. Refusing to accept the shallow and discreditable pretense that our conquest in the Philippines has gone so far as to be beyond recall or correction, we insist that a nation as well as an individual is never so magnanimous or great as when false steps are retraced and the path of honesty and virtue is regained.

The message of the Democracy to the American people should courageously enjoin that, in sincere and consistent compliance with the spirit and profession of our interference in behalf of Cuba's self-government, our beneficent designs toward her should also extend to the lands which, as an incident of such interference, have come under our control; that the people of the Philippine Islands should be aided in the establishment of a government of their own; and that when this is accomplished our interference in their domestic rule should cease.

The Democracy and the Interoceanic Canal

THE Democratic party has been consistent and unremitting in its advocacy of an interoceanic canal, and has with the liveliest satisfaction looked forward to the day when such a highway of commerce, built under the auspices of our Government, would be contributed by America to the world's progress and civilization. It is, nevertheless, not within the mandates of the Democratic creed that, even in consummating so noble an enterprise as this, the territorial rights of any other nation should be disregarded, or that our own national good faith should be subjected to reasonable suspicion. Democracy instinctively insists that all the methods of our Government in the accomplishment of this great work shall be clean and free from the taint of national wrong-doing, and that the justice or reasonableness of such conflicting claims and contested authority as may grow out of the step already taken for the location and construction of the Panama Canal shall be regarded in a spirit of broad conciliation and with ready and scrupulous care for the dictates of international morality as well as the rules of international law.

It is not my purpose to recapitulate all the topics that should find a place in Democracy's message to the people, but rather to mention some of those that ought not to be omitted. They are such as involve an appeal to the moral sense of our countrymen and to their love of the elevating and ennobling qualities of American free institutions. If the rising wave of sordidness is to be allowed to drown this moral sense, and if the people's attachment to our free institutions is only such as has its origin in present or anticipated selfish advantage, Democracy cannot hope to dislodge existing Government control.

I have already said that my belief in Democratic opportunity is built upon an unshaken and abiding trust in the patriotism and intelligence of my fellow-countrymen. This is only another way of declaring my conviction that in all temptations, and notwithstanding all wanderings, there is in the mass of our citizenship a sentiment of steadfast devotion to the moral elements underlying our institutions, and that in time of need this sentiment will assert itself and, casting away un-American baubles and disdaining the bribes of selfishness, will restore to its place high in its temple of worship the deity of American patriotism, whose guiding power alone can lead us to noble greatness and whose protecting care alone can save from hurt the virtue and grandeur of our national character.

I believe the time of need is at hand, and that our countrymen's love of national morality should be invoked; and I believe the American people, conscious of danger, will heed "the rallying cry of true Democracy" if they are made sure that peace and safety lie in that direction.

At such a time as this the Democratic party cannot with honor undertake the battle of the people except under a leader that not only represents its best traditions and purposes, but fully realizes what is meant by the tremendous issues of the conflict; and his selection should not depend upon so small a consideration as the locality from whence he comes.

"The Democracy's opportunity" is already in sight; but only in a campaign waged in reliance upon the people's love of country and devotion to national morality, under leadership that personifies these sentiments, will be found the Democracy's hope.

GETTING ON

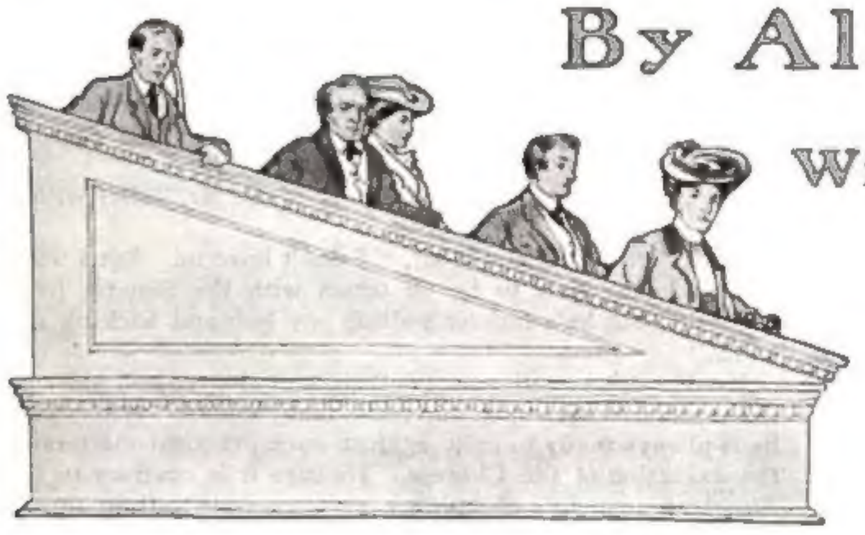
By Charles K. Simonton

1. Be prompt and constant in your place of business.
2. Never neglect any matter placed in your hands, or postpone until to-morrow what can be done to-day.
3. If you have carefully selected your line of business do not allow yourself to be distracted to others.
4. Do not make a hermit of yourself; mix moderately in social functions.
5. Cultivate politeness.
6. Rely as much as possible on yourself. Maintain your self-respect. But do not allow yourself to believe that you know it all.

A Day Off in Washington

By Alfred Henry Lewis

With a View of the Senate from the Gallery



THIS has been one of those afternoons when one remembers Sisyphus with that sympathy one reserves for people who, though strangers, have none the less a color of pathos in their stories—one of those afternoons when the name of thinking or talking or writing fills one's bones with weariness. Instead of conquering this feeling of fatigue which bore me down I humored it and permitted myself to be swept away thereon. I resolved to loaf; and as there lives no such thing as a paradise for loafers, unless it be the galleries of Congress, I betook me to the Capitol, sitting whitely upon its hill.

To the north of the Capitol—also gleaming white with marble—is the Congressional Library in broad, square occupation of four city blocks. I have regard for the Library building. It cost $4,000,000 and is so nearly unique that it stands the only public edifice, except the State House in Hartford, that was built at a cost inside the original appropriation. That robbers' roost, the Albany State House, hideous and of a dark, rapacious architecture, has cost $18,000,000 and the end is not yet. The Albany structure is being erected piecemeal, as it were; the Legislature giving the public time to forget one appropriation before it makes another.

Next to the Monument and the Capitol, I look upon the Library building as that thing most beautiful in Washington. It was the design of Architect Smithmeyer and the work of General Casey, of the army—capable, honest gentlemen, both. They are dead—a condition of loss to the Government. General Casey was the stubborn genius who finished the Monument when every other genius said it could not be done.

If We Should Quarrel with England

LONG ago, when Mr. Cleveland defied England and telescoped the stock market with his Venezuela message, I was told by my paper to interview General Casey, then ruler and appointer of our coast defenses, touching what horrible traps were spread to catch invading Britons in the watery neighborhood of Sandy Hook. Never shall I forget the cloudy, resentful amazement of that excellent warrior when—first conjuring up an expression of innocence that must have crowded closely upon the idiotic—I put the query to him.

"What!" he exclaimed; "and do you think I would print in a paper a plan of the submarine mines and other explosives planted to defend the harbor of New York?"

"And why not?" I asked, still with my innocence.

"Why not!" snorted the indignant man of ordnance. "Don't you know that the information you ask is precisely the information that England would like to get? If she knew those defenses couldn't her warboats steer in and out among them until they were near enough to Castle Garden to heave an orange ashore?"

"Why, then!" I cried, as though on the prongs of a bright idea, "I'll tell you what we'd better do! Let's scare them. You give me an interview, General, multiplying those defenses, say, by ten. Let us so thickly sow the lower bay with mines that never a British ship will dare poke her bows among them!"

General Casey, instead of falling in with the suggestion, gave me a never-to-be-forgotten stare of commingled pity, indignation and contempt, and then, with a dismissing wave of his hand, said:

"You'd better go to the State Department. What you propose is in the line of diplomacy."

When to-day I got into the Capitol I sought the Senate end. I don't much care for the House. There are fourfold as many members as in the Senate, but they're not free men. The House is an autocracy, a mere mask for Mr. Cannon, the Speaker, who under the rules comes virtually to be the House. It is as though the three hundred and sixty-odd members were kept in cages. At long intervals, and for stinted periods, Mr. Cannon sets free a few favorite members to gambol verbally. The vast majority, however, never get out. The session round these sit in their cages and through their bars—being the House rules—glare hungrily upon the scene and think what havoc they would make in history if Mr. Cannon would but grant them space. Perhaps it is better for the country, aye, better even for the caged members themselves, that this rule-restraint is laid upon them. A new House member, foot-loose and tongue-loose, is neither a light nor a laughing matter.

Editor's Note—This is one of a series of papers from Mr. Lewis on national aspects of politics at Washington.

Going to the north end, I made my approach through the Senate restaurant. It was not my earliest invasion of that sacred cook-shop, although I had not visited it for years. In those old days I took pleasure in the Senate restaurant. For one thing, I was almost sure to be gratified with the spectacle of Mr. Pfeffer at his afternoon refection. There stood his table. As I gazed, the picture of that gentle sage rose up before me. Again I saw him, spoon in hand, his beard, like Aaron's, furled away behind protecting napery, a bowl of bread and milk before him big enough to slop a cow, busy with his guiltless repast!

Speaking of Mr. Pfeffer, that meek statesman was entreated but coldly when first he came. In appearance he was not unlike the condor. Mr. Pfeffer did not notice the frigidity of his reception. He was unfashionable; he was that Ishmael of politics, a third-party man; he knew and was resigned. One might see him day by day as, perched upon some Andean peak of utter Senate isolation, he preened his lonely pinions.

But there came a change. A day dawned when Mr. Pfeffer's one vote was potent to give or take from the party then in control the Senate organization—so close and fine was the line of power drawn in that august body! Then how the Republicans loved Mr. Pfeffer! How the Democrats coddled him in that hour! But the condor still preened his humble feathers, making no sign.

The Republican sergeant-at-arms began giving Mr. Pfeffer things. You will find it all set down in the contingent expense accounts of the Senate—gilt stoves, and sweet-toned clocks, and Turkish rugs, and Russia furniture for his room in the Maltby Building. That condor bird, aforetime of bleak, unvisited peak, found himself nested like unto a bird of paradise, and honored of many visitors. When the time was ripe Mr. Pfeffer went with the Democrats, casting the vote—he said it was the desire of the sovereign people—that set them above the Senate heads of their enemies.

Told in Confidence

WHEN, one day, I was in talk with Mr. Simpson I asked him of Mr. Pfeffer.

"This is not for print?" said Jerry.

"Not for immediate print," said I.

"Then I think he's a sea-green wolf!" He of the absent socks had been a sailor, and I have reason to know that he meant this for encomium.

While I engaged myself upon mince pie, which the Senate *chef* makes exceeding heavy and perilous, I let my glances rove. The tables were thronged as of a decade ago, but I missed the old-time faces. As the Scotch say, "A deal of water runs under the bridges in ten years." Upon their currents had drifted away Mr. Voorhees, and Mr. Turpie, and Mr. Harris, and Mr. Brice, and Mr. Sherman, and Mr. Morrill, and Mr. Vance, and many another whose name was foremost. A new brood had arisen, and only a few, like Mr. Cockrell, and Mr. Allison, and Mr. Teller, and Mr. Cullom, and Mr. Quay, and Mr. Morgan, remained to recall a time that was.

As I struggled with that mince confection and considered its terrible powers, my thoughts recurred to a Mr. Murray—Terrapin Tom was he hailed for his skill with that reptile—who by grace of the Committee on Public Buildings and Grounds had charge of the House restaurant during those Congresses when Mr. Crisp was Speaker. Mr. Murray was a philosopher and owned a theory. He claimed that what a statesman ate had the world and all to do with what bills that statesman supported. He insisted that a wise Government, aiming at best laws, would take possession of its Congressmen and feed them by rule and by hand. Mr. Murray declared that by laying the dinner orders alongside of the Congressional Record he could show how this viand or that one became later the controlling cause of this or that legislation. Mr. Murray set forth how any given statesman might become either a pillar of support or a menace to the public safety, contingent wholly on his diet. Wherefore, Mr. Murray, being a patriot as well as an artist of dishes, preached against a system so loose that, following it, statesmen might batten at will upon unbridled cheese or roam in unchecked pursuit of maddening pie, as one criminally inimical to a republic. Particularly did Mr. Murray call attention to a member from Iowa, whose bill-of-fare alarmed him.

The Dark Prophecy of Terrapin Tom

"EACH DAY," quoth Mr. Murray, lifting a finger to impress his words, "each day he comes to the House with two sandwiches, made of buns and ham, wrapped in brown paper, stowed away in the recesses of his coat. At five o'clock he repairs to the cloakroom, devours these hideous compilations and washes them down with a quart of ice water. Mark my words, soon or late, that member will surprise you!" This last with a darkling shake of the head as one who fears, nay, knows, that the worst is on its way.

This was the philosophy of Mr. Murray. Nor would it altogether seem a thing of air, a figment, wanting real foundation. There arrived an hour when the sandwichman offered a measure to re-dress the Goddess of Liberty after fashions seen at their best in the chorus of Weber and Field, and place on every public building a spiral flagstaff, the same to wear an acorn head and a three-leaf clover tail. It was with the utmost difficulty he was prevented from an effort to improve the flag itself, which striped and starry ensign he held was not in its color-scheme a work of art. Thus was Mr. Murray justified, laying it all to the sandwiches in their fury.

Abandoning the restaurant, fearful of its mince—which no more resembled the kind that one's mother used to make than gunny-sack resembles silk—I got into a Senate elevator. My word for it, the unwary might better keep out of Senate elevators. They are included within and be creatures of the Senate rules. You may want to stop at the next floor. Should a Senator be aboard, and aim for the floor beyond yours—and whether down or up, no matter—you are without apology whisked past your proper landing. Given a Senator, the elevator stops not until it has delivered that reverend senior at his destination. As he gets out another of his noble class may take his place. In carrying the second Senator that elevator may again repass your floor in rushing indifference to your appeals. I've known a tourist to ride an hour, ay! it might have been a day, merely for that as one Senator got out at the top floor a second Senator, bound for the bottom floor, stepped in; and so to the weary chapter's close.

Mr. Hutchinson—from the Houston district, I think—came to the House from Texas in the winter of 1893. He was lean, clean, rich, wise, white of hair and character—a thorough Southern gentleman! Mr. Hutchinson was polite to a scruple, and looked for politeness in return. Also, he had been taught from infancy that under certain insolent conditions a knife or a gun in retort was the logic of the situation.

While as yet in darkness touching Senate crotchets, Mr. Hutchinson came from the House to pay his austere brothers of the Senate end a visit. Being on a middle floor, he pressed the button and invoked a Senate elevator. A moment later the cage flashed by him like a ghost, halting not.

Mr. Hutchinson batted his amazed eyes. There had been no such inattention paid him at the House end, where the elevators still retain their democratic sanity. Again Mr. Hutchinson thumbed the button and started a second charivari on the elevator bell, hoping for better things.

It was as before. Again the swift descending elevator flew by and left him staring. Five times, up and down, did that conveyance insult the waiting Mr. Hutchinson. The sixth trip, there being no more Senators to carry, the cage stopped, the door was flung wide. Instead of entering, Mr. Hutchinson began to express his feelings, pausing between condemnatory adjectives to catch his breath and receive an explanation.

It was in the midst of Mr. Hutchinson's timely remarks that Mr. Bright, at that time Senate sergeant-at-arms, drew near. Mr. Bright did not know Mr. Hutchinson; Mr. Hutchinson did not know Mr. Bright. The latter, after listening a moment, interrupted to explain his own eminence and impress upon Mr. Hutchinson that the erratic character of the Senate elevator service was by his, Mr. Bright's, order. Then Mr. Hutchinson transferred those opinions which he had formulated concerning the elevator man to Mr. Bright.

Mr. Bright, *ex-officio*, was many wonderful things—a kind of Capitol Pooh-Bah. He was, among the rest, chief of the Capitol police. In the height of Mr. Hutchinson's views and their expression Mr. Bright motioned to one of those blue janizaries. "Put that man under arrest!" said he, pointing to Mr. Hutchinson.

Mr. Hutchinson's next move showed him not wanting in that military instinct which in manœuvring sticks always to the high ground. Mr. Bright's command was hardly uttered before Mr. Hutchinson had him by the lapel. The janizary fell back, realizing the peril.

"If that officer lays hand on me," said Mr. Hutchinson, "I'll cut your throat." This to Mr. Bright.

Thus they stood; Mr. Hutchinson in control of the situation. There was silence. The janizary, full of the wisdom which belongs with ones in lowly places, walked away. Thereupon Mr. Hutchinson released Mr. Bright, who stepped deftly into the elevator and was borne to a floor of safety.

Being for a sixth time abandoned of the elevator, Mr. Hutchinson walked back to the House in a puzzled way to tell Mr. Sayres, who had been twenty years in Congress, his troubles. It was a month later when Mr. Hutchinson chased Mr. Campbell, of New York, he who did not think the Constitution should come between friends, under the table of the Committee on Claims for addressing him in what one might term the manner of the Bowery. Little by little, however, Mr. Hutchinson grew to understand the ways of the Capitol and the Capitol grew to understand the ways of Mr. Hutchinson; in the end peace reigned. But Mr. Hutchinson never repeated his attempt to take a Senate elevator, and a cautious public, acting for its good, will emulate that respectable example.

Being in the Marble Room, which is that apartment to the rear of the Senate devoted to informal conferences between Senators and members of the common herd, I sent a card to Mr. Cockrell. I never miss seeing Mr. Cockrell when I go to the Capitol; first, because he is an honest man, and second, because he is the precise picture of Uncle Sam as our cartoonists depict that mighty relative.

Speaking of Mr. Cockrell's honesty, at the risk of being denied, I'll say that he's too honest. He stands so straight he leans backward. He makes such a specialty of integrity that he's dangerous to his friends. I've no doubt that time and again he has voted down the interest of some bosom friend through fear of being warped by sentiment. Mr. De Armond, of the House—he comes from Mr. Cockrell's own State of Missouri—is an acute instance of a similar perilous probity.

No, all Missourians in their honesties are not of that Tower-of-Pisa school. There was a Judge Henry, Chief Justice of Missouri. He was a clean, brave gentleman of that bulldog kind of heart that is at once tender and ferocious. In deciding a certain case Judge Henry described an individual, who until then had thought highly of himself, as a thief and scoundrel. The next afternoon Judge Henry was strutting up the walk to the State House. The ill-used one met him, a six-shooter in his hand and his hand under the cloak of his coat.

"You are circulating rumors about me, Judge Henry!" said the ill-used one.

"No rumors, sir!" retorted Judge Henry. "I said you were a thief and scoundrel, sir!"

"Bang!" went the gun.

The bullet tore along Judge Henry's forearm, and then broke two of his ribs. Judge Henry shattered his cane upon the other's head, felling him. Seeing that the enemy did not get up, Judge Henry continued his strut to the State House, and went into the office of Governor Crittenden.

"Heavens, Judge! what's the matter?" exclaimed the Governor.

"That thief and scoundrel whom I characterized has shot me," said Judge Henry.

"Here!" said the Governor, "let me send for a doctor."

"No," returned Judge Henry, "you send for a telegraph boy and wire Mrs. Henry that I'm not hurt. This story will be in Kansas City in ten minutes, and I don't propose to have her frightened with it."

That may give one some faint notion of the fire-eater tribe to which Judge Henry belonged, and the warm temper of him. I tell it as preliminary to a recount of what he once said upon that question of honesty and friendship. Knowing him well, and being aware how he did not object to a little raillery, I cited his temper and fierce heart and asked if he thought he could do dispassionate justice to an enemy, should one appear as litigant in his court.

The Stark Old Strain of Blood and Iron

"SIR!" returned Judge Henry with one of his customary frowns, "sir, not alone could I do justice to an enemy in my court, but I could do justice to a friend in my court. It wouldn't hurt a man in my court, sir, to have been my friend."

Sometimes I have feared that neither Mr. Cockrell nor Mr. De Armond could make Judge Henry's boast. Also, I wonder, when I think on Judge Henry—dead a year, he is—whether that old stark American strain he exemplified, all love and iron, isn't passing away.

Now, when the fit was on me, I not only saw Mr. Cockrell, but Mr. Beveridge and Mr. Dubois. Then I went up in the gallery and craned at our sour eminents passing laws.

It is a great thing for a State to own Senators of weight and force and advertisement; it's a feather in the State's cap. As I looked I saw now and then an old-time face. There, for one, was Mr. Hoar, whose round, moonlike visage reminds one of Cruikshank's Pickwick.

For all his seeming good temper Mr. Hoar is waspish. Mr. Teller, who falls into a high bitter vein occasionally, has had his bickers with Mr. Hoar. At such times Mr. Hoar will put aside his waspishness and seek to soften the old silvertip.

"I'm surprised," remonstrated Mr. Hoar in an injured tone when one day Mr. Teller had spoken with severity—"I'm surprised that the Senator from Colorado assumes the attitude toward me that he does. For my part, I treat the Senator from Colorado with the greatest courtesy."

"Well, you don't have to!" interrupted Mr. Teller with a growl.

"No," returned Mr. Hoar, "I don't have to. But I want to. I do my best to be on terms with the Senator from Colorado, but he's forever pulling my hair and kicking my shins."

Mr. Hoar is one of your gentlemen of alcoves and abstractions. He sees few men and reads many books. Wherefore, he is always ready to fight against such practical matters as the exclusion of the Chinese. He says it is contrary to the American principle of holding an open door to those downtrodden and oppressed. Mr. Hoar forgets that a Chinaman in the abstract is not a Chinaman in the concrete, just as an entire North forgets, when condemning the South—there be no better Americans between the ocean than those gentlemen of Dixie—that the colored man in actual life is not the colored man of a philanthropic dream.

There have been many Senate changes within the past handful of years. Some of the States haven't kept up to a standard and would seem to be going downhill. Ohio with Mr. Foraker and Mr. Hanna is sturdily represented, albeit Mr. Hanna isn't pumpkin vines to pine trees when one remembers the late Mr. Sherman. Mr. Hanna belongs to a class of which Mr. Platt and Mr. Quay are specimens, the members whereof are chiefly important in the Senate because of an importance outside. It is to be feared that not one of this celebrated trio would carry much Senate weight were it not for his position in the party at large.

Mr. Foraker is a stronger Senate figure than Mr. Hanna and with a keener wit for things forensic. Mr. Foraker looks like a leader, Mr. Hanna like a rich man. There be moments when it occurs to me that Mr. Hanna has no strong foothold, no strong word, in Senate management. He seems subdued; moreover, when he does voice an opinion there is neither impression nor compliance in the faces of his fellow-Senators. Commonly they don't pay him the poor compliment of attention. Friend and foe gave heed to Mr. Sherman.

Mr. Foraker, though not what Mr. Brice was in his day, is more showy and quite as effective in moulding a result. In debate Mr. Brice never took a part. He never spoke two minutes on his feet. He glowed a Senate force at that, and was apt to have his way. He had a trick for combination-making, had Mr. Brice, that won him victory. In considering the tongue-tied Mr. Brice one should not forget that Mr. Jefferson never made a speech, not even when they wrangled over his Declaration of Independence, slashing out his pet phrases and shearing whole sections away.

As I peered over the gallery rail the Senate itself showed more than commonly dull. I had been warned of that. The Senate this session does not intend anything beyond routine affairs—appropriations as they come from the House, and the like. Beyond what work the White House may send them, and those appropriations, the cautious Senators do not mean

"DRIFTIN'"

By JOSEPH C. LINCOLN

Seems if, sometimes, a feller's mind got driftin' like a boat
Upon some little medder brook where water-lilies float,
The lazy current slips along and soon you're far away
A-rockin' on the quiet waves of Mem'ry's sunny bay.
The smoke-rings from your pipe are clouds, the fire's a sunrise glow,
And all around, like islands, lie the things you used to know,
And voices hail you from the shores in tones once loved and dear.
The places where you used to be, old-fashioned now and queer.

To-night I'm on a v'yage like that, the wind is light and fair,
No pilot's hand is on the wheel, my port is Anywhere;
I've drifted through forgotten seas where once I used to sail,
I've heard those voices callin' me and answered every hail;
I've stepped ashore at Babytown, where some one always sings
Old lullabies that soothe like breaths from flutt'rin' angels' wings;
And there's a little room I know, and there's a little bed
Where I can hear old Santy drive his reindeer overhead.

I've made the port of Boyland, too, and oh! its air is sweet!
Its dust is powdered gold and marked with prints of sunbrowned feet;
And, standin' on its hills, I've looked across its bright blue sea,
And every single ship in sight is comin' in for me,
And every flower that blooms is mine and every bird that sings,
And every freckled face around is happy as a king's;
And ain't it good to see 'em there, those faces all agrin,
And call 'em "Bill" and "Jack," and say, "How are you?" once ag'in!

I've drifted on and on and on, now fast, now calm and slow,
And other faces, sweet and bright, come close and smile and go.
Sometimes the trees lean overhead, and sprinkle me with flowers,
Sometimes the water's dark and deep and dappled up with showers.
I've drifted till the tide has turned—the fire is cold and dead,
My pipe is out, and, in the glass, I see my gray-streaked head;
And Mother says it's supper time; she's callin' at the door—
Throw out the anchor, beach the boat, I've drifted home once more.

to roam. The Senate is playing 'possum—that is, it is playing politics. The Republicans are in the ascendency to the domineering extent of two for one, but Mr. Aldrich, Mr. Hanna, Mr. Platt, Mr. Cullom, Mr. Quay, Mr. Fairbanks, Mr. Beveridge, Mr. Spooner and Mr. Allison have settled that party safety lies in a Senate stagnate and still. There will come no legislative novelties, and give the Republicans their way.

True, the Democrats would drag them forth if they might as a dog drags a raccoon from a barrel to make sport for tavern rustics. But, in this instance, the raccoon is so much bigger than the dog that the latter would gain nothing but clawing defeat. Being a wise dog, even if it be but a small dog, the dog of the Senate minority whines and yawns and blinks, but concludes on the whole to let the Republican raccoon alone. There is a canine sagacity in this peaceful pose of the Democracy; it makes for security and a saving of fur.

Mr. Gorman did arouse himself to what he described as the immorality of the Isthmian Canal. But no one would go with him, and the party hubbub took a threatening turn, not a least terrifying element of which was the sprouting of Mr. Bailey into rival leadership. Whereat the cunning Marylander has much abandoned that crusade of the canal.

For all I looked forward to no jousting between giant knights, I must say the Senate offered a picture of surprising torpor. I have seen it when, with nothing more to heat the blood than an Arid Land bill, the warlike Mr. Harris would fiercely assail Mr. Vilas, who would attack Mr. Allison, who would attack Mr. Morgan, who would attack Mr. Teller, who would attack Mr. Vest, who would attack Mr. Hill, who would in the most liberal spirit attack all six, ever and anon going about to bestow an oral buffet upon Mr. Gorman to the end that he be drawn into the fray and have his share of the hard knocks. One hears nothing of that trenchant sort this session, although from time to time Mr. Lodge—who, though lacking in those rough-and-tumble gifts which the sport requires, is none the less a brave man possessing a taste for battle—wanders into the Senate midst with a chip on his shoulder. Mr. Lodge, who wears the colors of Mr. Roosevelt, flings his glove about rather freely. So far, however, so deep has been a Senate lethargy, no one has taken the trouble to pick it up.

Antoinette Sterling

By WILLIAM ARMSTRONG

MADAME ANTOINETTE STERLING was one of the best known of noted American singers resident in England, where her many years of appearance in concert had made her name a household one. She sang the ballads that the English love, and in singing them she made a place for herself in the hearts of as large a class as has Madame Albani, her Canadian colleague. Madame Sterling's magnetism and strength of character, and a genuine goodness of heart made her greatly beloved aside from her musical gifts. She had been absent from America, except for a return visit made here eight years ago, since she first started out as a young singer to establish herself permanently in London, where her death took place the other day.

Madame Sterling's personality was unique; she had a strong sense of the dramatic, and was exceedingly impulsive. With this combination she strewed her career with a series of incidents sometimes humorous, but always picturesque. The first time that she sang at Osborne, in the Isle of Wight, before Queen Victoria, she was very nervous, not on account of the singing itself, but because, as she said in telling the story, she had no idea of what to do. Coming down the hall to enter the Queen's presence she met a footman gorgeous in gold lace and livery standing in front of the door to announce her. His impassive grandeur was the final straw to an already strained equanimity. Catching her long fur cloak from her shoulders, she threw it at him before he could take it. It landed on his head, enveloping him like a veil. In that moment she opened the door, announced herself, and passed in to sing to the Queen.

One night after the performance of Mendelssohn's oratorio of Elijah at Queen's Hall, in London, in which her singing had profoundly impressed the audience, many crowded about her carriage to get a glimpse of her as she drove away from the stage entrance. Lowering the window, she put her head out and sang the air, O Rest in the Lord, from the work in which she had just assisted. The crowd swelled at the sound of her voice, until the narrow street on which the stage entrance led was choked with the multitude. Carriages, cabs and people were massed together as her voice floated out on the stillness that was reverential until the last note was ended. Then, even the police with all their skill in handling traffic had as much as they could accomplish to straighten the tangle that Madame Sterling's singing had made for them.

She was a woman of profound religious feeling. A noted Welsh choir visiting London went one Sunday evening to pay its respects to her at her home in Marlborough Place. The choir sang a number of hymns with all that beauty of voice that no amount of work in the mines ever seems to affect in the sturdy Welsh. Before they left Madame Sterling knelt in the hall and recited the Lord's Prayer. About her with bowed heads stood the Welsh miners' chorus. When she rose to her feet they joined her in a final hymn. Then, after bidding each one good-night, she stood in the porch as they marched through the garden toward the street gate, and sang God be With You Till We Meet Again.

Although she had lived so long away from America she kept alive her affection for her own country, and never failed to impress those about her with the almost romantic halo with which she surrounded her country people. On the knightly chivalry of American men toward women she never tired of dilating.

During her last visit to America she told me of an incident that had freshened all her ardent ideas in this direction. "I have always told them in England of our American knights," Madame Sterling said, "and the very first evening of my return to New York I found one. I had been out to see some friends, and drove back late to my hotel. I was obliged to pass alone through a lobby crowded with men. Hesitating, I was about to start for the clerk's desk at the far end of the place. In that moment I heard a voice say, 'Madam, will you allow me?' And a young man offered me his arm. He had seen my dilemma and come to the rescue.

"When he lifted his hat to leave me I must have mystified him, for I said, 'I have only been back in my country for a few hours, and already I have found one of my knights that I have been telling them about for all these years.'"

The Undeclared Proposal

A Story of "Suspended Interest" in Real Life

By HAMBLEN SEARS

JANUARY opened wonderfully—cold and clear, good skating and sleighing. Hence the idea. The people were well chosen. Hence the success of the idea. To have a good idea and carry it out successfully—that is the best thing in the world. Therefore, as his wife originated the idea—opening their country house near the Naugatuck Club for a good old winter house-party—and as she carried it out successfully by getting a dozen congenial people together—as his wife did all this, Jim Braveur decided again that she was the best thing in the world.

Most of them gathered at dinner one Friday night. Saturday morning breakfast was a movable feast—many empty places with little piles of letters by each place.

"I hate breakfasts," said Winthrop politely to his hostess, who was making new coffee for him.

"This particular one?"

"No, generically."

"Why?" testing the sputtering coffee machine.

"It's merely a coaling up for the day. You can't talk till it's over——"

"I'm sure I don't want you to talk."

"Oh, of course, like all women you take an abstract statement as a personality."

"Where is your wife?"

"Still snoring, I expect."

"George Winthrop! What a dreadful thing to say?—Good-morning, Helen," as a white, lacy morning gown, all little ends and hanging pieces, topped by a rather sleepy but altogether charming head, came in and sat down near her. "I'm so glad you've come. George has been insulting me."

"There! there! that's it. I merely said I was never in a presentable frame of mind at breakfast, and she says I'm insulting."

"I must say, dear," said Miss Gardner, "I'm a little—little somnolent myself," and she began to open her letters. The coffee machine did all the talking for a moment and then Mrs. Braveur looked up at the sudden crushing of paper on her left. She saw something appear and disappear on the girl's face, and then said:

"Come, George, you've finished. Go and smoke. I want to talk to Helen."

He got up meekly and went into the library.

"What is it, dear?"

"Lucy, you've asked Ned Endicott to come."

"Are you disappointed?" slyly.

"Oh, no. Only—I didn't know—that is, I didn't expect him."

"Do you young people correspond?"

"Sometimes. I've known him so long, you know."

"Don't apologize, you deceiver. I suppose you've known him almost a year."

"Goodness—nearly two!"

"And what does mamma say?"

"About what?" evasively.

"About the correspondence."

"Mamma—mamma hasn't been consulted."

"Helen!"

"Are you going to play mamma? If you are——"

"No, but I'm your chaperon. I think I'd better read the letter."

"Certainly," handing it over.

"No, no, dear; I'm only joking."

"Wait, I'll read it——"

"Tell me about him instead."

SUDDENLY SHE STOPPED—TURNED BACK AND LOOKED AT HIM AN INSTANT WITH SHINING EYES

"Well, he's big and nice, and—and I met him in New York a year ago this winter."

"Rich?"

"I don't know. He's very ambitious. He's going to do a great deal in—in railroads——"

"Oh, you and he discuss his prospects?"

"Yes," hesitatingly—"that is, I've talked with him, you know, about——"

"Himself?"

"Well, why not?" looking up at her guiltily.

"Nothing could be more interesting, I should gather," and Lucy smiled somewhat quizzically and altogether kindly upon her fair guest. "Tell me some more."

"You'll laugh."

"Not for worlds."

"Well, we've talked now and then——"

"Just to use up the time, I suppose——"

"Lucy Braveur, I won't tell you a word unless you stop laughing!" The sleepiness was all gone and the bright look in the girl's eyes, the quickened rise and fall of the lace at her throat told so much—so much to the other girl, hardly older than herself, who had poured the coffee for some one else each morning for half a dozen years now.

"Dear heart, tell me all about it," said she, taking the girl's hand in hers and moving her chair nearer. "That's—this is why I asked him."

There came a little nervous laugh and a flush on the girl's face as she hesitated.

"Why, there's nothing to tell—except"—and gradually she spoke faster and less self-consciously—"except that he has such splendid ideas about running railroads, and the men, and—Lucy, he could work with the men so that there'd never be a strike."

"Goodness me!" exclaimed Lucy, raising her eyebrows in affected wonder. "All that?"

"Yes," said the girl, too much interested to watch closely, "and if he can only put some things through they'll see—they'll see, those people, what—Lucy, you said you wouldn't——"

"I'm not laughing, child! Tell me, do you never talk of anything but—but railroads?"

"Oh yes, sometimes. He has very peculiar ideas about money."

"Wouldn't marry for money, for instance?"

"Not by any means."

"Of course not; but I suppose a certain papa could be persuaded to leave his money to an asylum for other lunatics?"

"Papa has nothing to do with it!" sniffed the railroad student.

"Apparently not," mused Lucy. "I——"

"There's nothing personal in the talk. He is bound to make his own way. He's going into politics when—when ——"

"When he's settled the railroad question?"

"How silly, Lucy—when he's studied men more."

"Apparently he's been studying women pretty closely."

"You goose! He's perfectly sincere and so—so sensible ——"

"And the letter—is it about railroads or politics?"

The letter was suddenly held tightly in the girl's right hand.

"Oh, well, not all." And away went the bright color racing over cheeks and brow—the color that never yet failed to make woman's face wonderful.

"Tell me about it, Helen dear," said her friend, putting her arms around the girl and turning up the chin that had drooped a little.

"I can't!" she murmured.

"Yes, you can. I'll never tell—and I'd—I'd love so to hear."

"Why—why—read the letter." And the crumpled bit of letter was thrust into her hands. Lucy opened it and read:

> I've got something to tell you—and Mrs. Braveur—God bless her!—has given me the chance by asking me down for the week. I'll get into Naugatuck at four-sixteen and come right to the house. I want to see you alone—it must be alone. Will you understand? I've got to tell you now. I can't wait. Will you let me tell you?

"Helen, darling! I'm so glad—so glad!" And she put her arms around the girl and kissed her.

"Gee, my turn next!" cried a hearty voice.

"Jim, go away!" cried his wife.

"But I've got to have some breakfast."

"Go away this——"

"Lucy, dear," said Helen, coming to herself. "The poor man must eat, and after all, it's *his* breakfast." Braveur meantime calmly sat down at the head of the table.

"What's up?" he asked blandly.

"You are, at last," said his wife.

"I believe I did doze off a little," he acknowledged.

"A little! Do you know it's after ten now?"

"And from my reception by you two I gather I got up too early at that. Still, I'm glad to see you, you know."

Mrs. Braveur rose.

"Come, Helen, let's leave him. He'll talk till luncheon." And they went upstairs together, Lucy's arm about the girl.

II

THERE was some doubt about a certain young person's nerves. She did not seem over attentive at luncheon and the inevitable woman in Mrs. Braveur did much to leave her to herself. After luncheon some of the people went out to skate, and the rest disappeared here and there doing what they liked. Finally the hostess found her charge trying to read in the library.

"Helen."

"Yes, dear?"

"You—you are to have tea at half-past four in Jim's study upstairs."

The girl got up and silently kissed her.

"Jim's going to try four horses to the big sleigh and there's no danger of our getting back before half-past five."

Again the flushed cheek touched hers.

"In fact, with such a turnout, there's more danger that we won't get back at all——"

"You're so good, dear."

"You wouldn't mind if we didn't?"

"Lucy!"

"Now run along upstairs and put on the prettiest frock you've got in the whole world, and see that——"

But she was talking to the large and roomy library.

Helen, smiling openly now, went about gathering her tea-gown and making her toilet. Every now and then a bit of song sounded in the room hummed softly through closed lips. Once she stopped at the bureau, opened a drawer and re-read a crumpled note. Then she sat before the dressing-table to do up her hair. One coil was in place when the dreamy smile came back and the chin came down on two palms. There she sat, her elbows on the table, musing and watching her face in the glass. Sitting so, she suddenly flushed crimson. Then the smile broadened and she sat up, laughing as she finished.

Her watch registered a quarter-past four as she stood taking a last critical look at herself in the mirror. The reflection seemed to dissatisfy her and she re-arranged the lace on the front of her gown, touched her hair here and there, and then turning to the door, stood for a moment with her hand on the knob. There was a sudden catch in her breath—then she moved slowly along the hall to the study.

"PAPA HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH IT"

The sound of a sleigh in the drive, the closing of a door downstairs, and the maid stood before her.

"Mr. Endicott, Miss, is——"

"Here I am," cried a vigorous voice. "I didn't wait—I couldn't!" Then suddenly the man stopped, his eyes fixed on the fair girl sitting there in the fading light, the white gown and brown hair set off against a large red leather chair. He drew in his breath suddenly and swallowed.

"How do you do?"

"Splendid!" said he, waking from a momentary daze. "Did you get my note?"

"Yes. Annette, can we have some tea? Where have you come from now?" The girl, after all, was the calmer.

"From town. I couldn't come yesterday—too busy."

"I didn't know you were coming at all until I got your note."

"Didn't Mrs. Braveur tell you?"

"No."

"Well, it was mighty good of her to ask me."

"She's a dear."

"And when you wrote me you were coming here, I wanted to come bad."

"Did you really?"

Again the man sitting opposite gazed at her. Indeed, he could not take his eyes off her.

"It's very good to see you again. Do you know, I haven't laid eyes on you for two weeks."

"Goodness, what a long time!" smilingly.

"What's that you're doing?"

"A table cover."

"Well, put it down, please, and—and look at me."

She laid the work in her lap and looked up at him with shining eyes for a moment, and then seeing in his something that made her let her own fall, she took up the work again.

"Don't," said he, leaning forward and gently taking the frame out of her hand. "Talk to me."

There was a moment of silence while Annette brought in the tea things. Then she left them alone with the darkening room lighted only by the wood fire.

"Are you glad to see me—Helen—may I call you Helen?"

"Yes," she said presently, bending over the kettle.

"Which?"

"I'm glad to see you."

"And the other?"

"What do you think?"

"I think Helen is such a bully name it's a pity not to use it."

"But you don't—it isn't quite—I'm afraid——"

"It's all right. Those arguments don't amount to *that!*"

"I didn't make any arguments——"

"Oh, then, I can call you Helen."

"No, I don't think you'd better."

"I don't care what you think."

"What!"

"I mean it suits you so well. You're just like a beautiful Helen this moment. You'd set any nation fighting for you." And still he looked at her as if he had never seen her before.

"Well, now I will lay down the law."

"Yes, your majesty."

"You will call me Miss Gardner."

"Oh, now——"

"It's an order."

"Yes, your sweet majesty."

"And then you will get on some other subject than myself."

"I can't."

"Try."

"I don't want to."

"What do you mean?" pouring tea with great care, though the cups and saucers rattled a little.

"I mean that you are so beautiful, so beautiful——"

"Stop it, sir!"

"An order?"

"Yes."

"Very well, your majesty."

"Now go on."

"—So beautiful——"

"I said stop," laughed the girl merrily.

"You said to go on."

"I meant on something else."

"What's the use of anything else?"

"A great deal of use."

"What, for example?"

"Your work, for one example."

He passed his hand over his eyes as if to clear his vision.

"Yes, that's so."

"Is it going well?"

"Well? It couldn't do better. Helen, I've got something to tell you. Will you listen?"

She did not reply, but the white gown rose and fell suddenly at her throat.

"Shall I tell you?"

"If you like to," murmured the girl.

"The knowledge of it came so suddenly. I could not wait to be with you to tell you."

The girl looked up at him an instant, her whole soul in her eyes.

"Well?" said she in a low voice, again bending over the tea-tray.

"Why, you know Parton—the president of the road?"

"Yes," with a startled expression.

"He has had me made first vice-president!" And he looked up at her proudly. A cup dropped on the tray and broke with a sharp click.

"You?"

"Yes. First vice-president of the B. M. & W. Doesn't seem possible, does it?" And still he looked proudly at her, bending forward, his hands on his knees.

No one knows what a woman can do until the impossible is presented to her. Helen Gardner said nothing for an instant while she picked up the pieces of the cup. Then:

"I'm so glad."

"Not bad, is it?" said he a little shamefacedly.

"It's splendid." In her natural voice now: "Can I tell it?"

"Not yet. I wanted to tell you first—Helen——"

"You mustn't, really!" said she, smiling a little sadly.

"Why not?"

"Because you don't know me well enough. But the news is splendid, and I do congratulate you."

"I knew you would. I—I think the moment I heard it I thought first how it would please you."

"Did you?"

"You see," said the man, now fully in his subject, "Jason thought he had it, and—so did I. But I—they—well, you know, I've worked a good deal lately with Parton and he put me in. That's the fact. He did it himself, and it's mighty fine of him."

"Yes," said the girl, busily working on the frame now.

"Now I can get in some of the schemes you and I have talked over for the libraries and associations of the men."

"Yes, you must." Without looking up.

"And that protective insurance"—a pause—"What's the matter with you?"

"Nothing. I'm listening. It's splendid, Mr. Endicott."

"It's perfectly immense!" cried the man again. "It's the chance of a lifetime." And then he ran on minute after minute, while the girl sat with her eyes on the work, approving

gently, praising and agreeing, until finally in the friendly darkness of the firelight she said:

"And now you must go and get ready for dinner."

"Don't send me off. I'd rather stay here with you."

"But I'm going to dress." And she got up and got out of the study and into her own room.

Once there she walked slowly, quietly over to the bed and fell face downward upon the pillow, sobbing as if her heart would break. Vice-president! Vice-president! What did she care for vice-presidents?

It seemed only a minute, though in reality it was much longer, when a hurried knock came at the door. She jumped up, brushed her eyes quickly with her hand and then called to Mrs. Braveur to come in.

"Well, dear"—she stopped suddenly in the middle of the room. "Helen!"

"Don't speak to me!" whispered the girl, turning to the window.

"What is it?" said the other running to her and putting her arms around her.

"I can't talk, Lucy. I——"

"Helen!"

"I can't! I can't! You—you must leave me a little while."

"Helen, dear!"

"Please! please——" And then without another word Lucy quietly left the room. As the door closed the girl put her hands with a pitiful little gesture to her throat and murmured, "I'm so ashamed! so ashamed!"

So she stood a moment, and then quietly began to dress.

III

"NED, what's the matter with you—struck a bonanza?"

"Never you mind, old hoss. I'm all right and everything here."

"You look as if you'd reached out and grasped something!"

"I'm just the same, George."

Winthrop looked at him and smiled.

"Plus something good, and no mistake. Jim, glance at your stalwart guest; I'm thinking he's pleased."

"He's probably invented a way to carry freight without cost."

"Or reformed the great middle class——"

"Oh, dry up," laughed Endicott. "You're a lazy, sporting crowd, and if anybody gets interested in anything you guy him."

"We must get some amusement!"

"All right! all right! go on. You can't touch me." And Mrs. Braveur came down the stairs into the hall where they stood. She left her guests for a moment, went alone into the dining-room and changed one or two of the cards. Then she returned to the hall.

"Jim, take in Eleanor—you and Edith, George—Mr. Endicott will you take me?" And so on till they all went in—twelve of them.

"How'd the four go, Jim?" asked Winthrop as they sat down.

"Pretty well for a sleigh, but they didn't know what they had behind them and kind of wriggled 'round a bit. By the way, Miss Gardner, I thought you were coming?"

"It's too cold."

"I forbade her," said Lucy quickly. Then to Endicott, as the others talked on, she said, "Yes, I'm delighted you could come."

"So was I. And it's good of you to ask me. I had a special desire to——"

"See Miss Gardner?"

"Why—why, yes. Come, how'd you know?" a little shamefacedly.

"Hostesses know everything."

"And did you know I had something I wanted to tell her?"

"I guessed it."

"Well, I did."

"Did you tell her?"

"Yes."

"And she was pleased?"

"She was. I tell you, Mrs. Braveur, Helen Gardner is a mighty—a very——"

"Nice girl?"

"More than that—a good deal more. She's done a great deal—that is, I've bored her with my hopes a good deal. I never talked with any one as I have with her, and she—she knows a lot."

"She does indeed!" said Lucy, looking at him fixedly.

"She knows more than I ever will."

"I haven't a doubt of it." She had been watching him closely. She was thinking and guessing fast.

"You know you women are wonderful."

"All of us?"

"Well, Miss Gardner and you, anyway——"

"Thank you for including me," smiling.

"You understand men so well."

"Better than you understand yourselves, I fancy."

"I shouldn't wonder. You see—I—I—you won't mind, will you?"

"I don't know till I hear."

"Well, you see, I've had a big streak of luck, the greatest thing in the world—I don't deserve it——"

"Oh, now!"

"No, really. And she's been so clear-headed in talking over things with me that when this big appointment—you mustn't tell?"

"Never!"

"That when this appointment—and it is a big one—came to me I wanted her to know it first."

"And so you wrote her about it?"

"How'd you know?"

"I can guess."

"Yes, but——"

"She got a note from you—fact one; I knew you were coming this afternoon—fact two; she said she would stay at home—fact three. Perfectly simple, isn't it?"

"I DIDN'T WAIT—I COULDN'T"

"That's it! Just what I said! You know more in a minute than a dozen men in a year."

"And you men can't see a large lighted candle two feet away in the dark!"

"That's an effective simile, anyway." And he laughed at her.

"It's true."

"Oh, now, I could see some things."

"I don't believe it."

"Try me."

Then she began in earnest.

"Well, for example, you talked to Helen for an hour——"

"Nearly two."

"Very well. You did not notice, I suppose, that she was ill."

"Ill? Good Heavens, is she ill?"

"There! there! Don't talk so loud. And yet I could see it as plain as day, and can now."

He turned to look at the girl who was talking and smiling at her neighbor. He hesitated a moment.

"She looks to me—that is, I should say she's all right."

"Of course, I am merely proving to you that she is ill."

"Really?"

"Physically? Oh, no," contemptuously.

"I don't understand."

"I mean there is something worrying her!"

"Good Heavens, Mrs. Braveur—she can't have anything to worry her. No harm should ever come near her."

"Well, there has some harm come." And she could have laughed out at the new expression that appeared on his face.

"What is it?" he asked a little huskily. "Can I——"

"Oh, I'm only proving to you that men can't see anything. Now I'll give you another example. There's Eleanor Winthrop——"

"Mrs. Braveur, forgive me. There can't be anything causing her grief——"

"Who? Eleanor?"

"No, no! Miss Gardner."

"Oh, never mind her. Take another——"

"But I *do* mind," said he quickly, the new fear growing on his frank face. Even Lucy Braveur felt a little pang of compunction, but she went steadfastly on. "I'd do anything in the world to keep sorrow away from her."

"You?"

"That is—yes, why not?"

"Good gracious! how silly! You might help a railroad out of a strike, but you couldn't help a girl out of such a difficulty."

"Tell me what it is," cried he eagerly.

"I can't," said she, looking away. "It wouldn't be fair."

"I give you my word no one shall know."

"Can't you guess?"

"Guess? How could I?"

"Of course. You're a man. I forgot."

"Don't play with me. I—I'm more than serious," and in truth his face showed it.

"Promise never to tell?"

"Never, really!"

"Well, I'm only guessing—but I know, too. That's what a woman always knows."

"Yes," breathlessly.

"It's something like this," and she leaned over toward him, sending up a little silent prayer to be forgiven her sin. His eyes were fixed on the girl nearly opposite him. "Somebody wants to marry her——"

"Marry her!"

"Yes, why not?"

"Marry *her*?"

She laughed nervously at the exclamation and the extraordinary look in the eyes that never moved from the girl's all-unconscious face.

"Why not? But be careful. There are several women at this table who can—er—make guesses. And your eyes at this moment—I——" He suddenly put his elbow on the table and covered his eyes with his hands.

"Well?" said he presently in a very different tone.

"I make a guess that she doesn't know what to do and that she's suffering now—all the time."

"Lucy," asked Mrs. Alton, "stop talking to Mr. Endicott and tell me if that novel you told me about just before dinner is in the house."

"What was that?" asked Mrs. Braveur.

"That awful story about the girl that wouldn't marry the man!"

"Jingo! it must have been awful," said Winthrop in mock amazement.

"Lucky man," murmured Braveur.

"It was dreadful, really," said Mrs. Alton, not deigning to notice the side remarks. "I want to read it."

"Never mind reading it," said Winthrop; "let's have the tale now."

"I can't remember all of it. In fact, Lucy didn't tell me all of it."

"Please tell us how the man escaped," pleaded Ben Alton.

"Anything about married men getting—getting——"

"Jim, dear! Some of us are married here," said his wife.

"Do tell us!"

"Why, it's only a story I read somewhere of a girl who agreed, after—after much urging, to run away and marry a man. And then when the night came she couldn't——"

"Why not?"

"She'd thought it all over and decided that a man who would ask her to run away and marry against her parents' wishes and put her in a bad light before society was not the kind of a man to marry."

"Girl's an idiot," said Winthrop.

(*Continued on Page 23*)

A Senator of Two Republics

By G. G. Vest

Ex-Senator from Missouri

Wade Hampton

THE South Carolina Hamptons were of English descent and possessed in a remarkable degree the characteristics of the race from which they came. They were men of high character, strong both in body and mind, with great courage and having the dominant spirit so necessary to leadership. The great-grandfather of the late Senator Wade Hampton came at an early day from England to Virginia, but before the commencement of the Revolutionary War he removed with his family to Spartanburg, South Carolina, in which State his descendants have since resided. He had several sons, all of whom were gallant soldiers in the Revolutionary War. General Wade Hampton, the grandfather of the late Senator Hampton, was a distinguished cavalry officer in the Continental Army and, after the colonies had achieved their independence, devoted himself to the culture of cotton, and was one of the most successful planters in the South. His house at Millwood, five miles from Columbia, the capital of South Carolina, was an ideal Southern home, and was noted for the generous hospitality dispensed by its owners to all visitors. Colonel Wade Hampton, the father of Senator Hampton, was a distinguished officer in the War of 1812, serving as aide upon the staff of General Jackson at the battle of New Orleans, and received the thanks of the General in a personal letter for his services in that engagement which terminated so gloriously for the American Army. He was made bearer of the dispatch conveying to President Madison news of the victory, and, accompanied by his colored body-servant, rode on horseback more than 750 miles to Columbia, three hundred miles of the journey being through a trackless wilderness where it was necessary for the travelers to carry provisions for themselves and provender for their horses.

It is a significant fact that while Colonel Hampton was proceeding northward to the National Capital, the five commissioners appointed by the Hartford convention were coming southward to the same city bearing the resolutions adopted by that celebrated assembly, in which were set forth the most extreme States' rights doctrines, including the right of a sovereign State to withdraw from the social compact, as they termed the Union framed by the Federal Constitution.

The late Senator Wade Hampton was born at Charleston in the year 1818 and his boyhood was passed at Millwood, the home of his grandfather and father, where he learned "to ride, shoot and speak the truth." He was educated at the best schools then to be had, graduating with high honors at the University of South Carolina, and studied law, but not with any idea of practicing that profession. When thirty years old he was elected a member of the South Carolina Legislature, but rendered himself quite unpopular with the pro-slavery extremists by delivering a speech in opposition to reopening the African slave trade, which had been denounced by the United States and all civilized nations as piracy. His opposition to the traffic in African slaves coming, as it did, from one of the largest slave owners in the South, attracted wide attention throughout the United States and Europe, and even the New York Tribune, then edited by Horace Greeley, characterized his speech "as a masterpiece of logic, directed by the noblest sentiments of the Christian and the patriot."

After his brief legislative experience young Hampton returned to his plantation determined, as he once told me, never to be a candidate again for office of any sort.

His Attitude Toward Slavery

WHEN General Hampton and myself became colleagues in the United States Senate, and intimate friends, he often talked to me freely in regard to his opinions on the subject of slavery. He said that he was a slave owner by inheritance and without having been consulted as to his views or wishes. Finding himself the owner of several hundred negroes, who were slaves through no agency or act on his part, he did not believe it practicable to emancipate or colonize them, and he considered it his first duty to treat them humanely and make their condition the best that was possible under the circumstances. He said that the negroes on the Hampton plantations were well fed, well clothed and comfortably housed, and that no whipping-post could be found such as was so often described by the abolitionists of the North. It was, he said, the highest compliment to his grandfather, father and himself that the punishment most dreaded by their slaves was not the lash but the fear that they would be sold, on account of misconduct, to some other owner. He often told me of the friendship which existed between his slaves and himself, and said that two of them had remained with him in the army during the war and were faithful to him after its close. In a letter to me, dated December 15, 1890, he wrote as follows:

> I make no comment on the wisdom of my State's representatives, but one of my old servants, who has been a true Democrat and a loyal friend since the war, who hunts with me, expressed a brief but not flattering opinion on that subject the other day. He was riding along behind me when he said that my son had told him they were trying to beat me in South Carolina. I replied, "Yes, and I think that they will do so." After reflecting a few moments he said, "Well, they are great fools."

Though Senator Hampton believed, like General Lee, that it was his duty to give his services in the event of war to the State of which he was a citizen, he did not consider secession to be either wise or necessary, although he resented the interference of the Northern people with the institution of slavery in the South, for which, as Mr. Lincoln said, they were as much responsible as the Southern people. When he found that war was inevitable and the people of South Carolina had decided in favor of secession, he entered the Confederate Army as a private, but soon afterward raised the "Hampton Legion," which he commanded at the first battle of Manassas and until it was found necessary to reorganize the legion so as to make it conform to the rules governing the general organization of the army. General Hampton rose to the rank of Lieutenant-General at the close of the war and came out of the conflict with nothing left of the great wealth which he possessed when he entered the military service.

He never spoke bitterly of those whom he met on the battlefield, but resented deeply the charge made by General W. T. Sherman that he was responsible for the burning of Columbia.

When General Hampton spoke of the war, which was not very often, he dwelt more on the humorous incidents of his military life than on any service he had rendered to the Confederate cause.

General Hampton's Yankee Prisoner

I REMEMBER his telling me one morning, as we sat side by side in the Senate, that a very curious thing had happened to him the evening before.

"When riding along the banks of a creek in Virginia during the war," he said, "accompanied only by my orderly, I came upon a Federal soldier bathing, with his clothes on the bank. He seemed very much surprised when I told him that he was my prisoner, and said that he was a clerk in the commissary service and on duty with a detachment of Federal troops, whose pickets were near by. He begged to be released, and said that only the night before he had obtained a furlough for the purpose of visiting his sweetheart, and was washing off the camp dirt before starting on his journey home. He did not want to be sent to a Southern prison, and, as I thought the case a rather hard one, I finally told him that I had made up my mind not to keep him, which seemed to give him the greatest possible satisfaction. When he came out of the water, however, and started to put on his clothes I gravely told him that I would release him but could not let him take his clothes, as my men were very much in need of them. He started off in a perfectly nude condition, thankful to get away without any clothing, but after allowing him to go a short distance I called him back and told him to dress and take better care of himself in the future. He was profuse in his thanks, and said he would name his first boy after me. Last evening, when I started up on the elevator at my hotel, a well-dressed young fellow spoke to me and inquired if I was not Senator Wade Hampton. When I answered in the affirmative, he said, 'Do you remember, Senator, having captured a naked Federal soldier in Virginia during the war, when he was bathing in a creek, and afterward releasing him?' I told him I remembered the incident perfectly. 'Well,' he said, 'that prisoner was my father and my first name is Wade Hampton. Good-evening, sir.' And he stepped out of the elevator and disappeared."

It is not my purpose to revive any bitter memories of the Civil War. I hold it to be the first duty of every citizen to promote as far as he can the era of good feeling which now exists to a large degree between those who were once engaged in armed conflict. I should not now allude to the controversy between General Sherman and Senator Hampton in regard to the burning of Columbia, but for the fact that I have lately seen the statement made in a widely circulated publication that Hampton was responsible for that terrible event. I deem it my duty to lay before the public, without comment, the unquestionable statements of General Sherman himself and his officers as to the responsibility for the destruction by fire of thirteen hundred houses inhabited by non-combatants and not used for any military purpose.

In the official report, made in the spring of 1865, of his march through the Carolinas, General Sherman made the statement that the burning of Columbia was caused by General Hampton, who commanded the rear guard of the Confederate forces, ordering the cotton, which he had caused to be piled up in the streets of the city, to be fired, and that, although Sherman's soldiers labored earnestly to extinguish these fires, the wind rose and caused the burning cotton to be blown upon the roofs of the adjacent houses until the fire became unmanageable. "And without hesitation, I charge General Wade Hampton with having burned his own city of Columbia; not with malicious intent, as the manifestation of a silly Roman stoicism, but from folly and want of sense in filling it with lint cotton and tinder."

On July 14, 1865, General Hampton replied to this charge, and stated that so far from ordering the cotton to be fired in the streets of Columbia, he had, on taking command of the rear guard the night before, issued an order that no cotton should be fired within the city, and that when he evacuated Columbia on the next morning there was not a bale of cotton on fire in the streets nor anywhere else.

In a letter published in the proceedings of Congress in April, 1866, General Sherman says:

> The citizens of Columbia set fire to thousands of bales of cotton rolled out into the streets, and which were burning before we entered Columbia. I myself was in the city as early as nine o'clock, and I saw these fires.

In a deposition of General Sherman, taken before a United States Commissioner at Washington City in 1872, in the case of Browne vs. United States, he swore that a brigade of the Fifteenth Army Corps, commanded by Brigadier-General Stone, of Iowa, were the first Federal troops to reach Columbia and that this brigade formed the provost guard which was distributed throughout the city. He also reiterated his charge that the city was burned by the flaming cotton which Hampton had fired before he left and which was carried by the high wind to the adjacent houses.

In January, 1873, Brigadier-General Stone, who commanded the Federal troops that first occupied Columbia, made the following statement in the Chicago Tribune:

> The entire brigade was distributed through the city. Up to this time no fires occurred in any part of the city save those of public buildings and quartermasters' stores, fired by the enemy the day before we entered, I think, but which fires had not extended and did not extend to any other part of the city. The streets in some places contained bales of cotton, which had been cut open, and these caught fire twice or three times during the day, but these fires had been promptly put out by some of the firemen, aided by a detail of soldiers under charge of an officer.

He further says:

> Colonel D. J. Palmer, commanding my regiment, the Seventy-fifth Iowa, and to whom I had intrusted the charge of the most dangerous part of the city, confirmed my opinion that there was a plot to burn the city by telling me several fires had started in his district; that he had succeeded in putting them out so far, but could not hold out much longer, and that, in his opinion, the next one would fire the city. The wind after sunset had increased in violence, and about nine o'clock was blowing almost a hurricane from Colonel Palmer's district right toward the heart of the city. All at once fifteen or twenty flames from as many different places along the river shot up, and in ten minutes the fate of Columbia was settled.
>
> The next morning it was discovered the guard had been too small; and although a square mile of the heart of the city had been eaten out, and the men's appetite for revenge satiated, yet it was then considered that a division of troops was necessary for provost duty.

In his Memoirs (page 288) General Sherman says:

> Having utterly ruined Columbia, the right wing began its march northwest to Winnsboro on the twentieth.

What General Sherman thought in regard to the rules of civilized warfare is best explained by himself. General

Editor's Note—This is the eleventh paper in the series of Senator Vest's personal recollections. The next will appear in an early number.

Halleck having written to Sherman at Savannah that he hoped when he captured Charleston the city would be reduced to ashes and salt sown upon the ruins, General Sherman in his Memoirs (page 226) says he answered Halleck as follows:

> This war differs from European wars in this particular: We are not only fighting hostile armies, but a hostile people, and must make old and young, rich and poor, feel the hard hand of war, as well as their organized armies. . . .
>
> I will bear in mind your hint as to Charleston, and do not think it will be necessary. When I move, the Fifteenth Corps will be on the right of the right wing, and their position will bring them into Charleston first; and if you have watched the history of the corps, you will have remarked that they generally do their work pretty well. The truth is, the whole army is burning with insatiable desire to wreak vengeance upon South Carolina. I almost tremble at her fate, but feel that she deserves all that seems in store for her

He also stated in his deposition in the case of Browne vs. United States, to which reference has already been made, that he and his army, both officers and men, thought that South Carolina should be extirpated, which meant utter destruction beyond the hope of resurrection; and he also stated in the same deposition that if he had thought it necessary he would have destroyed Columbia as he would a prairie-dog village.

In his Memoirs (page 287) General Sherman says that the fire that destroyed Columbia was accidental, and on the same page he says:

> In my official report of this conflagration I distinctly charged it to General Wade Hampton, and confess I did so pointedly, to shake the faith of his people in him, for he was, in my opinion, a braggart, and professed to be the special champion of South Carolina.

In the last conversation I ever had with him on the subject, General Hampton said that the charge of Sherman made against him as to the burning of Columbia was the most flagrant injustice that could possibly be perpetrated by any man who claimed to be a soldier and gentleman. "During the whole war," he continued, "I never committed an act in violation of the rules of civilized warfare and never permitted my soldiers to do so. I was second in command when the cavalry raid was made into Pennsylvania in 1862, and Colonel McClure, the well-known editor of the Philadelphia Times, has testified in his Memoirs how scrupulously I caused the rights of private citizens and non-combatants to be respected by my men when we captured Chambersburg. Of course, we took such necessaries belonging to private citizens as we were compelled to have, but in every instance the owners were given vouchers upon which they could collect the value of the property so taken from the United States Government. I never permitted my soldiers to enter an orchard or to draw water from a private well or cistern without first obtaining the permission of the owner. No outrage or violence was committed by them in any instance, and yet when I returned home after the war I found my residence burned, which was two miles from Columbia, and also Millwood, the home of my grandfather and father, around which clustered the most sacred memories of my life. I had lost in the war all my estate and had seen my brother and youngest son shot down upon the battlefield; but General Sherman was not satisfied with this, and has attempted to place upon me the terrible stigma of having burned the houses of my friends and neighbors in Columbia. A more cruel and false accusation was never made, and though I shall not make myself ridiculous by seeking any personal satisfaction, I hope that we may never meet, for I distrust my own self-control if face to face with a man who has wronged me so foully."

At the close of the Civil War General Hampton returned to Columbia, in South Carolina, and, as he always did, endeavored to pour oil upon the troubled waters. He urged his fellow-citizens to adopt a conciliatory policy toward the negroes who had been slaves for centuries, and in a public address he said: "As a slave he was faithful to us; as a free man let us treat him as a friend. Deal with him frankly, justly, kindly, and my word for it, he will reciprocate your kindness, clinging to his old home, as his own country and his former master."

It was in vain, however, that he attempted to save the State from the carpet-baggers who flocked, like vultures, to feed upon the prostrate commonwealth.

The Contested Election of '76

BUT in 1876 property owners of the State became desperate and determined to make one last supreme effort to relieve themselves from the political nightmare which had paralyzed all legitimate industry and had terminated in the election, by a negro legislature, of Moses to the highest judicial office in the commonwealth. In this crisis of their fate the self-respecting men of both parties turned instinctively to General Hampton and named him for the office of Governor. The carpet-baggers and their dupes, the credulous negroes, named Chamberlain, and the contest followed which meant life or death to honest government. Upon the face of the returns after the election the Hayes electors carried the State by a small majority and Hampton had been elected Governor by a majority of eleven hundred. The Chamberlain party determined, through the returning board, to throw out the votes of Edgefield and Laurens counties, which would give them a majority in the House of Representatives, where the vote for Governor would be counted, and General Grant, then President, had ordered a detachment of United States troops to garrison the State capitol at Columbia to enforce the laws enacted by the Chamberlain legislature. When the Representatives from Edgefield and Laurens counties presented themselves for admission to the House they were refused admittance, and when this fact became known five thousand armed and determined men, who had served under Lee and Hampton in the Civil War, gathered around the capitol building and declared their intention to have the representatives of the people, duly elected, admitted to their seats, no matter what might be the result of such determination. The officer commanding the Federal garrison became alarmed at the situation and asked General Hampton to use his influence with the people surrounding the capitol building so as to prevent the bloodshed which seemed inevitable.

When Hampton appeared upon the capitol steps and faced the immense audience there was a shout of enthusiastic welcome, which was not only a cry for justice but for vengeance. Lifting his hand, there was profound silence, and he said to the thousands before him: "My fellow-citizens, I ask you to commit no act of violence, but to disperse quietly and go to your homes. I pledge you my honor that all will be well. I have been elected Governor of South Carolina by the votes of seventy-five thousand whites and seventeen thousand colored citizens, and by the help of God I will take the office and honestly discharge its duties."

The people dispersed immediately and never for an instant wavered in their confidence that General Hampton would be true to their cause. A short time afterward it was reported that Chamberlain and his followers intended, with their constabulary and Federal troops, to expel the friends of Hampton

SENATOR WADE HAMPTON

from both Houses of the State Legislature and then proclaim Chamberlain to be Governor. In twenty four hours afterward every train coming to the State capital was crowded with determined men, armed with Winchester rifles and revolvers, ready to take possession of the capitol building and throw every adherent of the Chamberlain faction out of the window, in order to prevent the success of the reported conspiracy against the rights of the people.

Again General Hampton appeared before the excited and determined multitude which gathered on the capitol grounds and asked them to abstain from any act of violence and to trust him as they had done in the past. He concluded his address by stating emphatically that he had been elected Governor of South Carolina and intended to hold that position or to have a military Governor for the State. So great was the confidence of the people in his statements that they quietly went back to their homes, certain that, no matter what else might happen, he would not betray the trust which they had given him

A short time afterward President Hayes requested Hampton and Chamberlain to appear at Washington City, and both complied with the request. General Hampton stated to the President that all he asked was the withdrawal of United States troops from Columbia and he pledged himself to the restoration of honest government and that every citizen, white and black, should be protected in property and life. The Federal troops were withdrawn by order of President Hayes, and Hampton was inaugurated as Governor, Chamberlain withdrawing from the contest and bitterly assailing the Hayes Administration for having abandoned him to the mercy of the "Hampton rebels."

His Service in the United States Senate

PROSPERITY came to South Carolina with the administration of Wade Hampton as Governor and he was reëlected in 1878 by acclamation, but the legislature unanimously chose him as United States Senator, and he took his seat in the Senate at the called session of 1879. He served two terms, discharging every duty ably and honestly. He was not an orator in the full sense of that term, but always commanded the respectful attention of both sides in the Senate chamber, because he was known to be brave, honest and patriotic. He did not speak often, but what he said was always pertinent to the question before the Senate, and every man who heard him knew that he meant all that he said.

In 1890 one of those political revolutions incident to universal suffrage swept like a cyclone over the State of South Carolina. The Farmers' Alliance appeared in the politics of that State and, carried away by the inflammatory harangues of demagogues, the people forgot what Hampton had done in the past and turned him out upon the political commons like an old horse no longer fit for duty. After serving twelve years in the United States Senate he was defeated for reëlection, and the result shocked every intelligent and right-thinking man throughout the country. I was especially indignant at the treatment given to one whom I knew to be an honor to the State for which he had sacrificed so much.

When Cleveland was elected President, in 1892, I spent the day with him at Lakewood, New Jersey, and when leaving his cottage in the evening for New York I said: "Mr President, I did not come here to-day for the purpose of asking any appointment at your hands, but I cannot refrain from saying that Senator Wade Hampton deserves a position under your administration which will enable him to pass his declining years in comfort. He would fill the place of Railroad Commissioner with honesty and ability, and I sincerely hope that you will consider it consistent with your sense of public duty to give him that place." Mr. Cleveland replied at once that nothing would give him greater pleasure, and, said he, "just as soon as I have chosen my Cabinet I will send the name of General Hampton to the Senate for confirmation." This promise was strictly kept, and General Hampton held the office of Railroad Commissioner for the four years of Cleveland's administration and for one year afterward under McKinley, who told me that nothing but the demands of political friends could induce him to appoint one of his own party in the place occupied by Hampton.

After I returned from Lakewood to Washington I wrote General Hampton what had occurred between President Cleveland and myself, and received from him the following reply, which is entirely characteristic of this brave and true gentleman:

> COLUMBIA, Dec. 30, 1892.
>
> *My Dear Vest:* Your letter has just reached me, and it has gratified me greatly, for I value your friendship much higher than I should do any office. I have never been a candidate for any place, and, of course, I cannot be now, but should Mr. Cleveland honor me by the offer of a position which I could fill I would gladly accept it, for my means are very slender. It would please me, too, to let the demagogues who struck me in the back see that the head of the Democratic party thinks me worthy of recognition. . . .
>
> I have made up my mind never to allow my name used for office in this State, for my reward for my sacrifices has been sufficient to teach me that gratitude is short-lived.
>
> I should have been in Washington some time ago but a painful boil on my game leg has kept me on crutches for three weeks. I hope, however, to have the pleasure of seeing you soon, and with my best wishes for you, my dear Vest, I am,
>
> Sincerely your friend,
>
> WADE HAMPTON.

General Hampton was afterward offered the position of postmaster at Columbia, South Carolina, by Senator McLaren, who had great influence with the Republican administration, but the offer was promptly declined, and the old veteran in a public interview said: "The people of South Carolina know me well enough to be certain that I cannot be bought."

I knew Senator Hampton well and have no words adequate to express my admiration for his character. He was the embodiment of all the highest qualities that can be found in human nature. Of course he had faults, but his virtues far outweighed all imperfections. There never beat in any human bosom a braver, more unselfish and generous heart than that of this Christian gentleman. In peace and in war he was true and constant to his honest convictions, and the flowers of the South never bloomed above the grave of one whose life more honored his native State.

A LITTLE UNION SCOUT

By Joel Chandler Harris

IV

THE man regarded me with an amazement that soon flamed into anger. His under-jaw stuck out ferociously, and the veins on his neck and forehead were swollen with indignation. Before he could say anything Jasper Goodrum intervened. "This is partly my affair," he said to the short-haired man, "and you'd better leave this countryman alone."

"You're wrong," said the man; "it is not your affair. How can it be when I don't know you?"

"Still," insisted Goodrum, "you'd better not bother the countryman. You'll git yourself in trouble."

"Trouble!" he snorted. "Say! that's what I'm after. He's waded into the creek and he can't git out without wettin' his feet." Then he turned to me, his eyes full of venomous rage. "Say! what do you take me for?" He came closer and stuck his ugly mug near my face.

My reply was made with an exceedingly willing mind. I struck him on the jaw with my open hand and sent him reeling. He recovered his balance almost instantly and made at me with a roar of rage and pain, but he never reached me, for Whistling Jim ran into him head down like a bull. The result was a collision that put the man out of business and knocked all the fight out of him. He lay on the floor and rolled about in an agony of pain, and the negro stood over him, apparently waiting for a fitting opportunity to put in the finishing touch, but his hard head had done the work for the time being.

I judged that the ruffian had friends among the guests, but when I turned to keep an eye on them the room was clear. Even the landlord had retired. The lad was standing by my side, and my impression is that he was holding me by the sleeve of my coat. I turned to him, and I was more certain than ever that he was either Jane Ryder or her brother. But it was only when she spoke again that I was sure—for not even a twin brother could simulate that round and singularly mellow voice. "I am afraid you have made matters somewhat hard for me," she said somewhat sadly, "and Heaven knows that I have had trouble enough for one night."

"Well, you will have no more trouble here, at any rate," I said.

"I'd feel easier if I were sure of that," she remarked.

"Be assured," I answered. "When I leave this house you will go with me. I propose to take you to your friends, if you have any in the neighborhood; otherwise you go with me. You shall not stay here for that ruffian to abuse and misuse you."

"I'll go with you as far as the door if only to thank you for the unnecessary protection you have given me. There are many things that you do not understand."

"And many that I do," I replied as significantly as I dared. "I want no thanks, and you shall not remain in this house to-night. That is settled." She made a birdlike movement with her head and shoulders, looked me up and down, and smiled, but she saw that I was in earnest, and the smile left her face.

"Where shall I go?" she asked.

"Anywhere but here," I answered. "Anywhere away from that," I pointed to the man on the floor. He had raised himself to a sitting posture, and was rocking himself to and fro with his arms hugging his knees, apparently in great pain.

"He is not always as you see him to-night," she insisted. Then she turned to me impulsively, "I'll go with you; I know a house where I have very dear friends. But I must tell my friend here good-night—the lady you spoke with." She ran into the inner room, and then I heard her going lightly upstairs. She came down in a moment with color in her face and with some agitation in her manner. She seized me by the sleeve in a way that no man would have thought of, exclaiming, "Let us go at once—come!" Her sudden anxiety to be off took me entirely by surprise.

"You have a horse?" I said, hearing the jingling of her spurs. But she declared that her horse was well enough off where he was. "Come!" she said; "let us be off!"

"With all my heart," I replied. I was so highly elated that I forgot for the moment that I was dealing with a woman, and I threw my arm lightly over her shoulder with a gesture of friendliness and protection.

She threw it off and shrank from it as if it were a serpent. "What do you mean?" she cried. Her face was red with anger, and her eyes were blazing with scorn. "Don't dare to touch me!" For an instant I knew not what to do or say, and then it suddenly occurred to me that it would be well to hide from her the fact that I knew who she was, and so I made a great pretense of anger. I seized her by the arm. "If you give me another word of your impertinence I'll carry out my threat of half an hour ago."

All the anger died out of her eyes. "You hurt me," she said almost in a whisper. "Oh, pray pardon me; I have traveled far to-day, and I am weak and nervous. Why did you come here to-night? But for you ——" she paused and glanced up into my face, and placed her hand on mine. And then I would have known if I had not known before that she was no other than Jane Ryder, the little lady of the top-buggy. I looked in her eyes, and they fell; in her face, and it was covered with blushes, and somehow I was happier than I had been in many a long day.

"Come!" said I with some sternness, and held out my hand to her. Instinctively she seized it and clung to it as we went out into the night, followed by Whistling Jim.

"I have a friend who lives farther up the road," she said. "It is not far, but perhaps it is farther than you care to come—and you have no overcoat." I was not thinking of what she was saying, but of the warm little hand that nestled so confidingly in mine. I knew then, or thought I knew, that this little hand so soft and white, nestling in my big paw like a young bird under its mother's wing, had the power to make or mar my life. But, as is ever the way with birdlike things, the hand slipped from its nest and left it empty.

She was worrying about the ruffian we had left on the floor. "The trouble with him," I said, "is that he is selling information to both sides. He is an impostor. I think he is the scout they call Leroy." Whereupon she gave utterance to a laugh so merry that it sounded out of place in the gloomy woods. It brought Whistling Jim alongside to see what the trouble was. He said he thought the young master was crying. She laughed again, and then suddenly paused.

"We are very near the house," she said, "and all who live there are my friends. I shall be perfectly safe there. You have been very kind to me—kinder than you know. We have both seen each other at our very worst. Should we meet again, I hope we shall appear to better advantage."

She had entirely recovered her self-possession, but in doing so she had forgotten the part she was playing, forgot that she was arrayed in the toggery of a man, and was now altogether a woman. I do not remember all that was said, but I tried as hard as I could to conceal from her the fact that I had discovered her sex and her identity; I had not the least desire to humiliate her by airing my penetration. She stood silent for a while as if in thought, or perhaps she was waiting for me to say farewell.

"You will do well to go in," I said. "The night is cold and damp."

"The cold and the damp are nothing to me," she replied. "I am warm enough. You were speaking a while ago of Frank Leroy. Don't forget that he is the best friend I have in the world except my mother. Good-night!" She held out her hand, and again it nestled, white and soft and warm, in my great paw, and stayed there a moment. The little hand must have been frightened, for it fluttered slightly and then flew back to its mistress.

I said good night, but it was not a very gracious farewell, I am afraid. "I knew I had something to say to you," she remarked. "In the house there is a young Federal officer who was wounded some time ago. He has been in a very bad way, but he is better now. While he was at the worst of his illness he was constantly calling the names of some friends he has among the rebels. One of them he seems to be specially fond of—he calls him Harry Herndon. The other he calls Carroll Shannon. It may be that you know them."

"I am acquainted with Herndon," I replied. "Shannon I have never met, and I have no desire to meet him."

She was silent a moment, and then went on: "I thought that if the two would take the trouble to call on the wounded man it would do him good—though I am astonished that he should desire to see rebels and traitors. I hate them all, and the more I see of them the more I hate them."

The little lady had worked herself into a grand fury against the rebels, and I am sure she believed what she said for the moment. "I shall inform Herndon that his friend is here," said I. "Shannon, as I have told you, I never met."

"You are fortunate," she replied. "I met him once, and it needed only a glance to tell me what he was."

"And what was he?" I inquired.

"The matter is not worth speaking of," she said. "I have just as much contempt for him as you have. Good-night!" and once more the little fluttering hand touched mine, and away she marched into the darkness. At the steps she turned and listened, but as neither Whistling Jim nor I had stirred out of our tracks, she could hear nothing. "Why don't you go?" she called.

"I want to see you safe in the house," I said.

"You are taking a deal of responsibility on yourself," she responded. "You must think me a child or a woman." With that she slipped through the door, which yielded to her touch, and disappeared in the house.

VII

NOW, when the foolish girl disappeared behind the door I turned away from the gate full of anger at all mundane things. But the only human being near at hand was Whistling Jim, and him I seized by the collar.

I SAID GOOD NIGHT, BUT IT WAS NOT A VERY GRACIOUS FAREWELL

"You scoundrel!" I exclaimed, shaking him vigorously, "what do you mean by going off and leaving the stable door unlocked?"

"Mar—Marse Cal—Cally—lem—lemme tell you 'bout it!" he cried affrighted; and then, ashamed of my silly display of temper, I turned him loose. "What make you so fractious ter-night, Marse Cally? A little mo' an' you d 'a' shuck my head off. I declar' ter gracious, Marse Cally, I thought I locked dat stable door. I know I turned de key—dey ain't no two ways 'bout dat. I tuck de key out'n de lock when I went in, an' put it back in de lock when I come out—I put it in de lock an' turned it des like I allers do."

"But what you didn't do," said I, now angry with myself, "was to make sure that the bolt of the lock had caught. It didn't catch, and when I went there to-night the door yielded to my hand. It was a piece of pure carelessness, and if you ever——"

"Don't talk dat away, Marse Cally; you sho' is been mighty good ter me, an' I don't want ter make you mad. I never is ter do dat trick again."

Then I told him that there was a plot on foot to steal the horses, and advised him as to the identity of the two men. He knew them both—especially did he know the prominent citizen, who, on various occasions, had invited him into the store and made him presents of pipe and tobacco, and had even hinted to him that he could find a good job for him when he grew tired of working for nothing. He had also given him whisky, which was a contraband article in the recruiting camp.

We walked along very friendly, for I was ashamed of myself for giving way to my temper. When the negro thought I was in a sufficiently good humor he endeavored to ease his own curiosity on a matter that had evidently been worrying him. "Marse Cally," he said, "who wuz dat little chap we tuck home des now?"

"I don't know his name. Why do you ask?"

"Kaze he look so funny an' done so funny. He ain't look like no man."

"Why, of course not; he is little more than a boy; that's the reason I made him come out of that house."

"He moughter been a boy," remarked Whistling Jim, after taking some time to think the matter over. "He wuz right knock-kneed, an' when he walked he walked des like de flo wuz burnin' his foots."

I could only pretend to laugh, but I wondered at the negro's keen observation. Seeing that I made no reply, he went on: "You know what I think, Marse Cally? Dat uppity li'l chap is des ez much a man ez you is a 'oman."

"Well, it may be so," I replied. "He is nothing to me."

Whistling Jim laughed one of his irritating laughs. "Dat's so, suh, but I tuck notice dat you helt han's wid 'im a mighty long time."

This was intolerable, and I remarked with some severity that I proposed to make it my special business to inform Harry Herndon how his negro had neglected his duty. "Now, don't do dat, Marse Cally, please, suh! You know mighty well dat Marse Harry can't keep his temper like you does. I dunner when you been ez fractious ez you is ter night."

"You are the cause of it," I declared, "you and no one else. First you leave the stable door unlocked, and then you say that this young fellow is neither man nor boy."

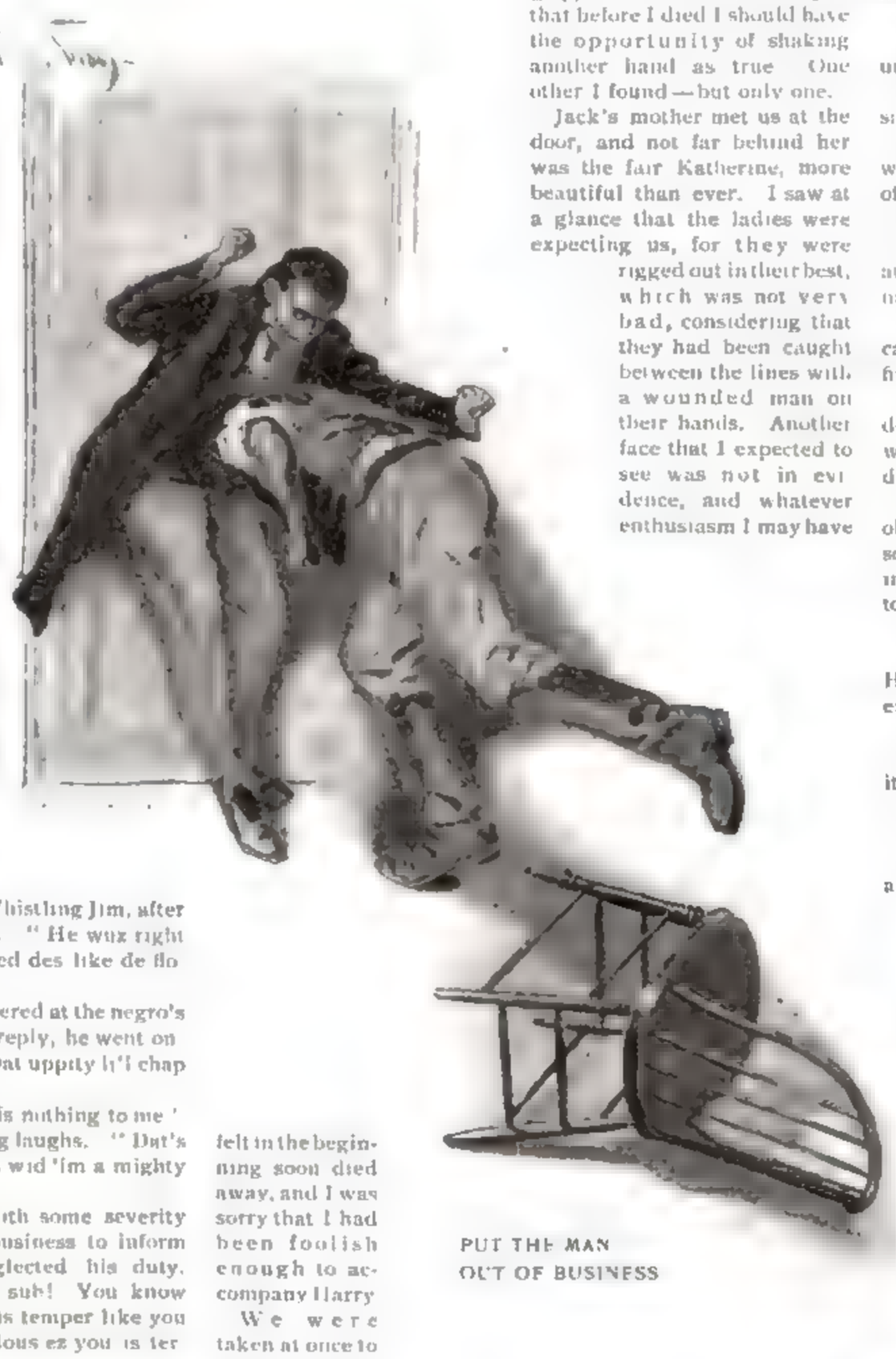
"Did I say dat, Marse Cally?" exclaimed Whistling Jim, apparently almost as much amazed as if I had drawn a pistol on him. He stood a moment, as if trying to remember the circumstances under which the remark had been made, but he shook his head sadly. "Ef I said dat, Marse Cally, I must 'a' been dreamin'; I wuz mighty nigh fast asleep when we started back des now, an' ef you'd 'a' hissened right close I speck you'd 'a' hearn me a sno'in'. Ef you say I said it, den I reckon I must 'a' said it, but I wa'n't at myse'f, kaze ef dey ever wuz a grown man on top er de groun', dat chap is one."

"You are sharper than I thought you were," I remarked.

"You must be makin' fun er me, Marse Cally, kase dey ain't nothin' sharp 'bout knowin' a man fum a 'oman. Ef I didn't know de difference I'd turn myse'f out ter graze wid de dry cattle, an' stay wid um all thoo de season."

"Now, that's the way to talk," said I with some heartiness; "but if I ever find the stable door unlocked again I'll take it for granted that you have changed your opinion about our young friend."

"I may leave de stable door onlocked time an' time ag'in," remarked Whistling Jim solemnly, "but I never is ter b'lieve dat dat boy is anything but a man."



PUT THE MAN OUT OF BUSINESS

Meanwhile, I made haste to inform Harry Herndon that Jack Bledsoe was in the neighborhood, and, as was perfectly natural, he was keen to see him, less for Jack's sake, I imagine, though he loved the young fellow well, than for the sake of having some news of the fair Katherine. As the heaviest part of his work at headquarters was over, and as pretty much everything had depended on the reply to General Forrest's requisition on his superior officer—who, unfortunately, chanced to be General Bragg—for arms and ammunition, Harry had no difficulty in securing leave of absence for the day; and so, when all the arrangements had been made, we set out the next evening for the house where Jack Bledsoe lay.

On the way I suggested that perhaps Jack's mother and the fair cousin would probably be found there; and this possibility was in Harry's mind also, for he leaned from his horse toward me and extended his hand, uttering not a word. I gripped it with mine, and hoped that before I died I should have the opportunity of shaking another hand as true. One other I found—but only one.

Jack's mother met us at the door, and not far behind her was the fair Katherine, more beautiful than ever. I saw at a glance that the ladies were expecting us, for they were rigged out in their best, which was not very bad, considering that they had been caught between the lines with a wounded man on their hands. Another face that I expected to see was not in evidence, and whatever enthusiasm I may have felt in the beginning soon died away, and I was sorry that I had been foolish enough to accompany Harry.

We were taken at once to Jack's room, and it was very evident that he was glad to see us again. He had changed a great deal; he looked older, and appeared to be worn by illness. He had been removed from the cabin on the river at a critical period, and, as a result, he was compelled to go through a long and drastic illness. He was now on the highroad to recovery, but I thought that he would never be the same handsome Jack again, so cadaverous was his countenance and so changed his voice. The two ladies and myself left the friends together and went into the room that had been the parlor, where there was a brisk fire burning.

The house was a very commodious country home and had evidently been built by some prosperous person whose heart and mind turned to the country after he had acquired wealth in the town. But the owner had deserted it when the Federals took possession of Murfreesborough, leaving furniture and everything to the mercy of circumstance—the cruel circumstance that goes hand in hand with war. But everything was intact. The old piano stood in the corner as glossy as if it had been newly bought, and the carpets on the floor wore a clean look, though some of them were threadbare.

After a while Harry came in search of Kate—she was more important than his wounded friend—and Mrs. Bledsoe went to take her place by Jack's bedside. This arrangement would have left me very much alone but for the thoughtfulness of Kate, who intimated that I should find very interesting company in the next room. "Don't be afraid," she said. But I was very much afraid, I know not why, and hesitated a long time before I ventured into the room.

And when I did venture to wander in casually I was more afraid than ever, for at a window a small lady sat reading. I knew her at once for Jane Ryder, but that fact did not make me any bolder. On the contrary, I felt a timidity that was almost childish; it was a feeling that carried me away back to my boyhood, when I refused to go into a room where there was a company of little girls.

"I beg your pardon," said I and backed toward the door.

"Oh, no harm is done," the lady declared, closing the book, but keeping the place with her forefinger. "Did you desire to see me? Or perhaps you would see Miss Bledsoe?"

"No, ma'am—I—that is, Miss Bledsoe is talking with a friend of mine, and I just wandered in here, having nothing else to do."

"To be sure! I believe that is a custom of Southern gentlemen."

"What is?" I asked rather abruptly.

"Why, to go to houses and wander from room to room until their curiosity is satisfied."

I was angry, though I knew that she meant not a word she said. "Does Mrs. Bledsoe indulge in that habit?" I asked.

"Habit? I said custom. Mrs. Bledsoe is a changed woman since she has lived among people who know something of the world and its ways, and who are not slave-drivers."

"I believe this is Miss Jane Ryder," I said.

"Your memory is better than your manners," she replied, and though I tried hard to keep my temper, her words stung me to the quick.

"I assure you I had not the least desire to disturb you. I came in here with the hope, though not the expectation, of finding a lad who came here last night."

"He is not here," she asserted, "and if he were, he has no desire to see you. He told me something of his encounter with you, and if that is the way you treat a young lad I wonder how you would have treated an unprotected woman."

I would not trust myself to speak to her. I made her a low obeisance and retired from the room; but I was not to escape so easily. She pursued her advantage; she followed me out into the hall. "Is it true that the young man compelled you to accompany him to this house last night?"

"If he told you so, madam, it is true," I replied.

"After threatening to give you a strapping?" she asked. Her mood was almost exultant, though she had been gloomy enough when I first disturbed her.

"If he says so, madam."

"He didn't say so, but I believe he slapped your face, and it is still red."

"Perhaps he did, madam."

"I am no madam, I'll let you know; why do you call me so?"

"It is simply a term of respect, ma'am. Our young people are taught to be respectful to ladies."

"You may be sure that the young man would have remained to see you, but I was afraid you'd run away and leave your friend." Women can be very childish sometimes, and this was pure childishness.

"Why, I had no idea that he bore me any ill will," I remarked. "He trotted along by my side in perfect good humor when I was fetching him home. If he has any grudge against me I do not think the fault is mine. Say to him that I apologize most humbly for any offense I may have given him." Jane Ryder was now sure that I did not connect her with the lad—was sure that I had not pierced her disguise, and she became at once very much friendlier. Her relief was apparent in voice and gesture.

"The truth is," she went on, "the young man is very fond of you, much to my surprise. It is a strange fancy," she mused; "there is no accounting for it. I believe you could prevail on him to leave his friends and go with you to the South; that is why I am keeping him away from you."

"I have had few friends," I said, "and if you could add the young man to the list and place him above all the rest, I should be happy. But as for persuading him to desert his principles, I should never think of it; and I should think ill of him if he could be persuaded."

"He really thinks that you are one of the finest men he ever met," pursued Jane Ryder. "He says that a young woman would be as safe from insult with you as she would with her mother."

"And why not?" I inquired. "I thank your friend for his good opinion of me; but it is no great compliment to me to say that I should protect a woman with my life, if need be. Back yonder there are gathered three or four thousand men, and out of that four thousand you will not find ten who would not do the same and think it nothing to boast of."

"I wouldn't trust them," she declared.

"Would you trust me?" I asked. The words were out of my mouth before I could recall them. They meant more than she would think or than she would care for them to mean.

"I certainly would," she said, clenching her hands in a strange little gesture.

(Continued on Page 24)

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The American Business Method

THE method of the American business man represents two elements: first, "fire the fools"; second, "pay good men good salaries." The American manufacturer and merchant believes and practices the principle that he has no room for employees who are inefficient or dishonest. At any price, however cheap, they cost the most. He also believes that employees, wise, efficient, honest, who are gifted with initiative, energy and patience, are the cheapest at the highest wage. "I must discharge a man to whom I am paying five thousand a year; I want a man to whom I can pay ten thousand," is the remark of a distinguished manufacturer. The ablest men are the cheapest; the cheapest men are the most expensive.

The Plague o' the World

PNEUMONIA, at least in cities, now ranks close to America's greatest disease—tuberculosis in its various forms. And we are giving much attention to the study of anti-toxins for it. And that is well—if——

If we remember that in a healthy body many germs, even the deadliest, are as harmless as a mince pie in a cupboard. And if we also remember that in a body that isn't healthy all kinds of noxious germs have taken hold and are busily biting away the foundations of life. The scientific men have observed that, no sooner do they get one sort of germ under control than another, which either was previously unknown or was previously mild, assumes a virulent character and undoes almost all that science has done.

The only real gain has been through knowledge of how to keep clean and how to keep well. That's why we live longer than we used to, as a race. That's how we can laugh at the germ and put off the grave, as individuals.

Men Who Refuse to Stay Put

AS WE have no field-marshals in our service we cannot literally repeat Napoleon's assertion that every soldier carries a marshal's baton in his knapsack. But we come as near to it as possible. When General Young gave up the highest rank in our army to General Chaffee he sent him a pair of lieutenant-general's shoulder-straps with the compliments of "Private Young, Company K, Twelfth Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry," to "Private Chaffee, Troop K, Sixth United States Cavalry."

Major-General Hughes, who retired last year, enlisted as a private in the same Pennsylvania regiment with Lieutenant-General Young, and on the very same day Brigadier-Generals Randall and Wint entered other Pennsylvania regiments in the ranks. Major-General George W. Davis, who gave up the chief command in the Philippines last fall to go on the retired list, began as a sergeant, as did Judge Advocate-General George B. Davis. Brigadier-Generals Kobbé and Lee enlisted as privates, and so did Brigadier-General Greely, the chief signal officer.

The question is sometimes raised whether promotion from the ranks is a good thing, and whether the "ranker" can have an even chance with the man who begins his military career with a commission. With one former private succeeding another as lieutenant-general and with rankers represented in all the higher grades of the army, it seems to be rather "a condition than a theory that confronts us." We have no occasion to speculate upon the possible result of promoting enlisted men—we can see what actually happens. A system that has brought an Adna R. Chaffee to the head of the army needs no other vindication

Of course, most of the men who now have reached high rank enlisted during the Civil War. But there is no reason to believe that there is any less good material to draw upon now than there was then. The motives for enlistment are different—the Civil War volunteers joined the ranks from a patriotic desire to save the country, while those who enlist at present with commissions in view mostly do so from love of military life. But to say that men have that love is another way of saying that they are born soldiers, and what better material for officers could we ask?

Real Municipal Politics

AT A RECENT meeting of reformers in New York Dr. Felix Adler observed: "The whole scheme of municipal reform is pivoted on the distinction between municipal and State and national politics."

This expresses a common belief, but it is not strictly accurate and in some circumstances might be very misleading. The true rule is this: "Things that are essentially different should not be artificially joined together." That is a universal principle; the other is accidental and temporary.

When the tariff, for instance, is the paramount issue in national politics it is absurd to drag partisanship into local affairs. Good government in New York or Philadelphia has no connection with the rates of duty levied at Washington. So of silver, or Panama, or the Philippines.

But suppose the chief political issue should be that of the public ownership of public utilities? Then people would logically divide on the same lines throughout the whole field of politics, national, state and municipal. The public ownership party would advocate national railroads and telegraphs, State canals, pipe lines and power systems, and city lighting plants, water works and trolley roads. A Socialist party would have as clear a field in a city hall as in the Capitol at Washington.

These principles have been obscured by the fact that we very seldom have a municipal campaign fought on a question of municipal policy. Sometimes we find a Pingree, a Golden Rule Jones or a Tom Johnson who raises an issue of that kind, but as a rule our city elections turn on one of two points: Either, to the despair of reformers, they are fought on national matters with which they have no possible legitimate connection, or they are waged upon a question of common honesty and decency—the question whether the city shall be governed by thieves or by men of character. Some day we may hope to see a municipal campaign in which the leaders on both sides will be honest and the voters can divide according to their ideas of the best ways to advance the common interests.

The World *is* Growing Better

THE question is often asked whether the world is growing better. In the midst of revelations of personal and public dishonesty, in the intimations which occasionally emerge regarding orgies of sensuality, the evidence is still strongly in favor of the proposition that the world is a better world than it was in the first years of the seventeenth century or in the middle of the eighteenth. No more conclusive reasoning can be had of the improvement of public morals than lies in the disappearance of the lottery. From the close of the sixteenth century in England down to the middle of the last century in America the lottery was regarded as a legitimate means of raising revenue for all institutions, even the noblest and most sacred. By the lottery cathedrals and churches and college buildings were built There is hardly a college founded in America previous to the year 1800 that did not receive benefit from such a scheme.

Among the first moneys received by Columbia College were the proceeds of a lottery; the amount was £3202. The other proceeds of the lottery were employed to build a pest-house for New York, and for the erection of a jail. Princeton College was likewise benefited. About the year 1750 the second president, Aaron Burr, son-in-law of Jonathan Edwards and the father of the Vice-President bearing his name, drew a prize of £200. The good president seems to have been greatly exalted by his good luck. In the same year there was set up a scheme for a lottery for the benefit of the New Jersey College which represented 8000 tickets of the value of thirty shillings each, or an aggregate amount of £12,000. The managers expressed the hope that they who wished well to the education of the rising generation would encourage the design, which is in essence to furnish the youth with all useful learning and at the same time to instil into their lives the principles of morality and piety. New Jersey, about this time, passed laws forbidding lotteries, but that the college authorities were willing to evade these laws, or to secure the passage of special acts setting them aside, is evident. In 1762 the college was specially authorized to raise a sum, not to exceed £3000, by lottery. Ten years later the great Doctor Witherspoon and another trustee were partners in a lottery for the college drawn in Delaware

Churches as well as colleges took advantage of this method of raising revenue. St. Mary's Church, at Burlington, New Jersey, in 1761, was authorized to secure money from a lottery in order to repair the church building, the parsonage and the burying-ground. In 1786 the Presbyterian churches at Elizabethtown and New Brunswick, in which the highest prize was no less than $25,000, enjoyed a similar privilege.

Yale College, Harvard College, Union College, in buildings that still stand or in apparatus that is still used, represent the same method of raising revenue. But among the last of all colleges that secured advantage from this system was Rutgers, which, in 1822, appealed to the legislature for special authority. It is supposed that the college realized about $20,000 from the scheme.

But at the present time any attempt to raise money by a lottery for either church or college would be received with both ridicule and hearty condemnation. The public mind has passed far beyond such games of chance as a means of public benefit. The change represents a heightened standard of pecuniary and ethical judgment and conduct. The world is indeed growing better.

The Mountain and the Mouse

WE HEAR a great deal about the "prevalence of divorce" and what a menace it is to the "foundations of our social order." Can it be that the cold and mathematical census has relaxed its calm matter-of-factness to have a huge joke at the expense of the Jeremiahs who have been frightening us with their woful warnings? The census says that out of our 32,000,000 married and widowed persons less than 200,000 have been divorced—less than three-fifths of one per cent!

No doubt many divorced persons have concealed the fact from the census-takers. But make all the allowance you please for these occasional deceptions, and still you have the mountain laboring and finally bringing forth a mouse—and a mighty little one.

The Advancing Dollar

BEFORE the late Colombian Congress adjourned it passed a law making the gold dollar of the United States the standard of value. Perhaps it might not have paid us that compliment if it had waited a little longer, but as it is, the law is there. Thus one more step is taken toward the commercial consolidation of the Western hemisphere. If the two Americas do not have one flag there is at least a prospect that sooner or later they will have one dollar.

The gold dollar of identical value is now the standard in the United States, Canada, British Honduras and Colombia—that is to say, throughout the bulk of North America and part of South America. When Mexico adopts the gold standard, as she is expected to do before long, it will be only simple common-sense for her to take our dollar along with it. That will give the same standard from the Caribbean to the North Pole. The Central American republics, except Costa Rica, are now on a silver basis, and they would naturally follow Mexico in changing to gold.

Other American republics have gold units differing so slightly from our dollar that they could be assimilated to it without perceptibly affecting the business habits of the people. Cuba has a gold peso worth 92.6 cents, Hayti a gold "gourde" worth 96.5 cents, Argentina a peso of the same value, Uruguay a peso worth $1.034, and Newfoundland a dollar worth $1.014. The Uruguayan peso is almost exactly as much too heavy as that of Argentina is too light. To reduce one and increase the other to the United States standard would help the two countries in their trade with each other by a compromise equally fair to both. With the Mighty Dollar thus carried down to the Straits of Magellan its conquest of the rest of our half of the globe could not be long delayed.

A Page from the Political Almanac

ABOUT this time keep a sharp look-out for International lies and liars.

In England they look on us as their "natural allies," whatever that may mean. And they never lose an opportunity to lower our good opinion of the Continental nations, nor do they neglect many opportunities to transmit to the French, the German and the Russian peoples any disagreeable things we or some one of us think about them and publicly express. This task of international tale bearer and truth maker England easily accomplishes by reason of the fact that she is the great clearing-house for news between the United States and the Continent of Europe. If England thinks she is going to war with Russia, or if she does go to war, she will want us to back her up. So we'll get an uncommon amount of news about Russian atrocity and greediness in these next few months. And we can be certain that whatever truth there is in it will lose nothing in the transit through England.

WEBSTER'S KINDNESS TO YOUNG MEN

His Unpublished Speech on Washington Written for a Young Friend

SO MUCH has been written about George Washington and Daniel Webster that it would seem impossible to add anything new to the wealth of interest that attaches to their names, but in reading most of the biographies I have been impressed by the omission of a very important part of their work, and that is their practical encouragement of the young men of their times

Undoubtedly there are special reasons for my own views in this matter. I have always regarded Washington as almost half a Marylander. It was upon the Maryland shores that he looked from his Mt. Vernon home; it was to Maryland's capital that he came in his great chaise with outriders and his fine company of beautiful young women for the social gayeties of those days. And in his army the men he most loved were those young and gallant Marylanders who had left the comforts and luxuries of the best homes of the State to help him fight his battles —young men who to-day would be found in the membership of the leading clubs of Baltimore. These were the young men who made the splendid charge at Brooklyn when Washington put his hand to his eyes and exclaimed: "Great God, what brave fellows I must lose this day."

Washington's visits to Baltimore were numerous, and I have yet to hear of one of them in which he did not leave to some young man a word of congratulation or encouragement. General Washington always wanted to know their work and their ambitions, and he was ever ready with a word of practical advice as to how they might accomplish the most in their careers, and with this was usually an adjuration that they stimulate their patriotism and do all they could for their country by clean citizenship.

Perhaps the main reason why I miss the note of interest to young men in the biographies can best be explained by what I have to say to the readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, by request of its editor.

My grandfather was Benjamin H Latrobe, who was the architect in charge of the Capitol at Washington until the war with Great Britain suspended the work, and who, after that war, began the rebuilding of the noble structure. Mr. Latrobe was a graduate of the University of Leipzig, and he had won his mark as a soldier in a Continental war. A change of political conditions in England caused him to come to America. He arrived here in 1796. He was born in Yorkshire, where Washington's ancestors had lived, and this fact, together with his reputation as an architect and his career as a soldier, attracted him to Washington. Soon after his arrival he was Washington's guest at Mt. Vernon. He made a sketch of Washington at the time and he left records of conversations he had with Washington showing his interest in building and his great desire that young men should enter earnestly into the upbuilding of the new nation along intelligent lines. The sketch to which I refer was made one morning before breakfast while Washington was standing on the porch at Mt. Vernon and was pronounced by him to be an excellent likeness. I found it among my father's papers a few years ago and presented it to the Johns Hopkins University, where it may now be seen.

Benjamin H. Latrobe was the architect of the Bank of Pennsylvania and the Schuylkill Water Works in Philadelphia, the Cathedral in Baltimore — the first Cathedral in the United States — and other great undertakings in the first years of the century. He was associated with Fulton in the building of steamboats at Pittsburg, and he was constructing a system of water works for New Orleans when he died of the yellow fever in 1820 It is a curious commentary upon the reputation of the man that he is most popularly known in these days as the designer of the "corn-cob capitals" in the Capitol at Washington. In the reconstruction of the building he placed six columns, each composed of Indian corn stalks, the joints forming a spiral effect, with capitals moulded out of cobs of corn. It was really but an incident in his larger work, and yet it seems to figure more conspicuously in the biographies of him than any other of his achievements

When Benjamin H Latrobe died in New Orleans in 1820, my father, John H. B Latrobe, was at West Point. He was at the head of his class and, according to a letter from the superintendent, was "without a rival." A few months more and he would graduate. But it was necessary for him to hasten to New Orleans and take care of his mother and brother and sister. He brought them to Baltimore, and then began the career of a young man which might be considered strenuous even in these Rooseveltian days, for he had to have an income for himself and others. This he made by practicing law, by writing more than a dozen books, one of which passed through ten editions. He commanded a division of the Maryland militia, founded the Maryland Institute, helped to found and was president of the Maryland Historical Society, secured some of the right of way for the first railroad, went to Russia as counsel in the construction of the first railroad in that Empire, was the active factor in founding the colony of Maryland in Liberia, succeeded Henry Clay as president of the American Colonization Society, and, on invitation of the King of the Belgians, assisted in organizing the International Association for the Exploration of Africa. In the early part of the century he and a few others, including John P. Kennedy, the author of Horseshoe Robinson and afterward a member of President Fillmore's Cabinet, formed a society in Baltimore for the encouragement of literature, and offered prizes for the best short story and the best poem. Edgar Allan Poe's Manuscript Found in a Bottle won the short-story prize, and Poe's poem would have won the other, but the committee thought it would be wiser to give it to a local versifier, John H. Hewitt. This Mr. Hewitt lived to be an old man and I often heard him tell how he and Poe met after the awarding of the prizes and how Poe's disappointment at not getting both led to an altercation in which there were some knock down blows. I fancy from the old gentleman's reservations in the narrative that Poe got much the better of the contest. My father was instrumental in assisting Poe in several instances and he always spoke of him in a kindly way.

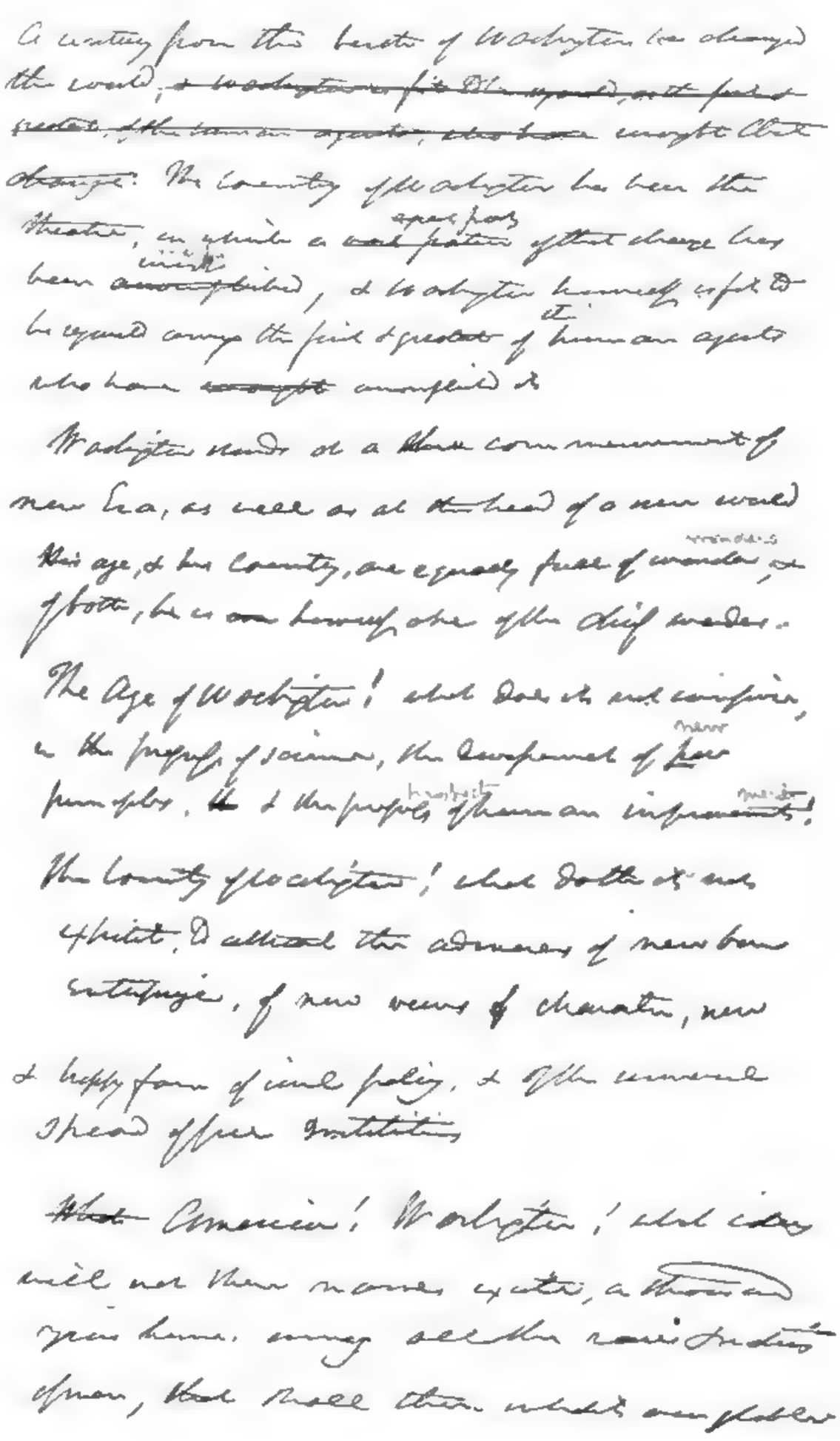
Perhaps no young man in the first half of the last century had a wider acquaintance among public men than John H. B. Latrobe. Daniel Webster was particularly fond of him.

The city of Baltimore planned to celebrate in a noteworthy manner the centennial anniversary of Washington's birthday on the twenty-second of February, 1832. My father was then only twenty-nine years of age, but he had already achieved a position in the community as a public speaker. Still, the importance of the occasion made him nervous and he went over to Washington to gather material for his address. He sought the advice of Daniel Webster, and the great statesman not only gave him suggestions but offered to write out for him a few of his own ideas. He did so, and the result was upon two sheets of paper, one being filled, with a paragraph upon the other

Mr. Latrobe delivered his speech in Baltimore and shortly afterward met Mr. Webster, who, with a great laugh, expressed the hope that the young man would not print his speech in the newspapers, because he himself had delivered a few remarks and the people of the United States might accuse him of plagiarism.

I found the manuscript only recently when going through my father's papers, and it is reproduced in connection with these few stray notes. It is a splendid tribute from Webster, the most massive intellect of the nineteenth century, to Washington, the noblest of the eighteenth century. But to me its greatest interest is in the fact that it showed Daniel Webster eager to aid a young man even to the extent of writing out a part of his speech.

—*Ferdinand C. Latrobe.*



A century from the birth of Washington has changed the world, ~~and Washington is fit to be regarded as the first and greatest of the human agents who have wrought that change~~ The country of Washington has been the theatre, in which a great part a ~~vast portion~~ of that change has been ~~accomplished~~ wrought, and Washington himself is fit to be regarded among the first and greatest of the human agents who have ~~wrought~~ accomplished it.

Washington stands at a (the) commencement of new Era, as well as at the head of a new world. His age, and his country, are equally full of wonders, and of both, he is himself one of the chief wonders.

The age of Washington! what does it not comprise, in the progress of science, the development of principles, and the prospects of human improvement!

The country of Washington! what doth it not exhibit, to attract the admirers of new born enterprise, of new views of character, new and happy of civil policy, and of the universal spread of free institutions.

America! Washington! What ideas will not their names excite, a thousand years hence, among all the races and orders of men, that shall then inhabit our globe.

(WEBSTER'S NOTES FOR THE SPEECH OF A YOUNG FRIEND ON THE ONE-HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY OF WASHINGTON'S BIRTH)

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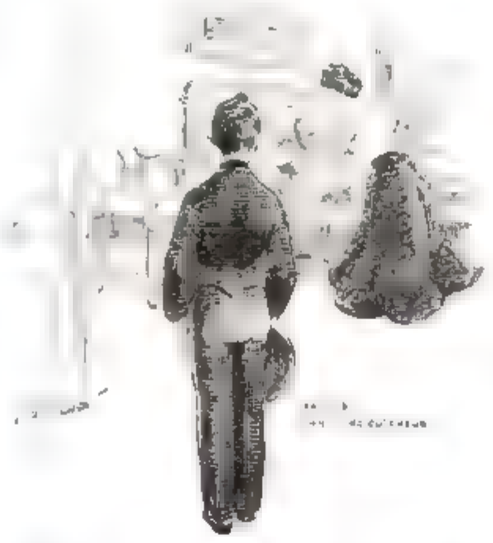

By S. E. KISER

V

I'm sorry fer the poor old boy we've got
In seven-sixty-six; he's nearly due
To ask St. Peter to please let him through
His wife's a beaut and young, and mebby what
She's doin' right along is hope he'll not
Be yanked away and planted in the sod
With her left here to fasten to his wad—
If that's your guess, though, take another shot.

She won't allow him to get out of bed.
But once when I went up because she'd rung
The first thing that I knew he up and flung
The quilts and things across the room and said
She'd hid his shirt and pants—that's on the dead—
And then, before she'd caught her breath, he sprung
Up like a wild man and got in among
Her trunks and looked up pitiful and pled.

"I want my pants," he says, "I'll die unless
You let me out to get some exercise."
She shook her head and looked him in the eyes
And told me it was second childishness
And that he wasn't strong enough to dress—
Then out he jumped and started for the door,
With nothin' but his nightshirt on, and swore
He'd run away—he meant it, too, I guess.

But he was old and slow and she was spry,
And when he started to get out she caught
A pitcherful of water up and got
Around in front of me and let it fly.
She turned and give a sorry little sigh
When he'd went back to bed, and said a lot
Of things about how sad she'd be and not
Know how to bear the shock if he would die.

When I get old and wrinkled up and gray
I want my wife to be as old as me:
Then she'll not be ashamed if people see
Us out together, and they'll never say
They wonder what she cost me, anyway
I'd hate to think that every time when we
Went anywhere the men would wink and she
Had sad clo's to jump into any day.

VI

I've tumbled to a bully little snap.
The other day a common-lookin' chap
Come in and registered, and on the way
Upstairs I seen his name was Holliday,
From some place that I guess ain't on the map—
I seen it on a tag strapped to his grip,
And so I thought I'd work him fer a tip:
"Here, Mr. Holliday, three-forty-two,"
Says I when we had reached his room: the game
Was easy—from the way he looked I knew
It made him proud to know I knew his name.

I let him in his hole there in the wall,
And every time I got a chance I'd call
Him Mr. Holliday, to make him swell,
Supposin' everybody knew him well
And down went mister, bait and hook and all.
You ought of seen the proud look on his face,
As though he kind of thought we run the place
Just so's to make it pleasant fer him—when
He handed out the quarter I was there
Where he could reach me easy: now and then
It seems as though I ought to star somewhere.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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A DASH TO THE POLE

By Wallace Irwin

'Twas out on the Archipelago,
In the region of the Horn,
Somewhere in the locks of the Equinox
And the Tropic of Capricorn.

We bumped right into the Arctic,
Me and me matey, John.
We was near to friz by the slush and the sliz,
For we hadn't our flannels on.

Who' 'a' thought that a tried explorer
Would start for the Pole like that,
With openwork hose and summer clothes
And a dinky old Panama hat?

We could see the Eskimoses,
Far out on the ice ashore.
A-turnin' up of their noses
At the comical clothes we wore.

The whirligig Arctic breezes
They biffled our bark abaft,
And the ice-pack shook with our sneezes
(For there was a terrible draft)

"Friend John," I yells to me matey,
"Stand ready and warp the boat"
But I suddenly found that John was drowned
And me alone and afloat.

I was chilled to the heart with terror
At the loss of me matey, John.
I was chilled to the feet—for I beg to repeat
That I hadn't me flannels on.

When all of a dog-goned sudden
A peak riz over the sun.
I swear on my soul 'twas the Arctic Pole—
Then what d'ye think I done?

Then what d'ye think I done, sir,
When that pinnacle swung in view?
I done what a wight in similar plight
With a similar Pole would do.

I swung the hand of the compass
Till straight to the South points she,
And soon I divined that the Pole was behind,
And me in the open sea.

I landed next week at Coney
And hitched me bark to a post,
Then I fell in a faint from pneumony
Which I caught on the Arctic coast—

Out there on the Archipelago,
In the region of the Horn,
Somewhere in the locks of the Equinox
And the Tropic of Capricorn.

And that is why in summer,
When it's most undeniably warm,
I dresses in felt and pelican pelt,
Which is suitable clothes for storm.

And it's highly correct and proper
To start for the Pole like that;
But I nevermore goes in me openwork hose
And me dinky old Panama hat.

HIS MAMMY'S BOY

By Frank L. Stanton

His mammy singin' ter him
In de toilin' er de day,
En stop ter watch en love him
Ez she see him at his play;
He de sweetes' little blackbird
Ever flewed de winter way:
Bless him—dat honey little sweetness!

He lissen ter de witch tales
Dat she tell him in de night;
How de witches rides de broomstick
Roun' de moon a-shinin' bright;
En it's den his arms is roun' her,
En he huggin' of her tight—
Bless him—dat honey little sweetness!

En de little angels, lookin'
Fum de winders up on high—
I knows dey wish dey had him
Fer a playmate in de sky;
Fer he'd be de sweetes' angel
Ef he had de wings ter fly—
Bless him—dat honey little sweetness!

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Æsop Revised

The Man, His Son and the Donkey

By Charles Battell Loomis

Author of Cheerful Americans

WHEN I was a boy I made up my mind that I would be President of the United States and that I would also become rich enough to be an engineer on one of the biggest railroads in the country.

But after looking into the matter of Presidents I saw that most of them had been fonder of study than I cared to be, and so I made up my mind not to be President.

And I haven't been.

I do not purpose to tell you how I became a great merchant prince, for I respect the truth too highly. I merely wish to give you an account of some of my experiences due to a native desire to pronounce words right along with a wish to please those with whom I came in contact.

I came down to New York from New England with a settled idea as to pronunciation. My father had more than once told me that, as near as possible, I must pronounce words according to the best usage, and in the matter of foreign words I ought to find out and adopt the pronunciation obtaining in their native land: that unless a word was Anglicized I should not give it an English pronunciation.

My people were musical and I had been very well grounded in the proper pronunciation of Handel, Haydn and Wagner. There was another word which it pleased me to pronounce correctly, and that was Don Quixote. I had not read the immortal work beyond the initial chapters, as I objected to the fun made of a well-meaning old gentleman not quite in his whole mind, but I could pronounce his name with my eyes shut and my hands in pockets—the latter a favorite attitude of mine. When remonstrated with I replied, "Doctor Storrs does it," and I felt that that settled it.

But to return to pronunciation. I am afraid that I was rather proud of my ability to rattle off foreign names with the proper twang, and as I noticed that most persons had very hazy ideas on the subject, with the feeling of a boy of seventeen that I had taken all knowledge to be my province, I was fond of airing that knowledge on all occasions, and must often have led the conversation by circuitous ways so that it would pass by some of my foreign proper names and give me a chance to haul them into use.

I had not been in New York very long before I went to call on some people who had recently moved to New York from New Hampshire; and upon Mr. Pritchard's saying that he liked the good old tunes of Lowell Mason I said:

"I'm very fond of the music of H'ydn and Hendel and Vogner."

Old Mr. Pritchard was of a sarcastic turn and he affected not to understand me, saying:

"I dare say I might like their music myself if I'd ever heard of them, but they are new to me. You see, I haven't been down here more than a year."

Oh, how I pitied that old gentleman! Near seventy, and ignorant of H'ydn and Hendel and Vogner's music!

"What?" said I, "did you never hear of the Hendel and H'ydn Society and of Richard Vogner who composed Tannhauser (pronouncing it Tonhoyser)?"

Old Mr. Pritchard shook his head. "I know my dog doesn't vog his tail and my umbrella doesn't need a new hendel, and my nearest neighbor up home was Uriah Hayden who sung the tenor part in Chappell's Anthems for thirty years and who once heard "The Creation" sung at Boston, and he said Handel and Haydn as plain as print. Young man, you're in America and you ought to speak as Americans do. Wag-ner and Handel and Hay-dn are good composers and you're a good American, so you ought to pronounce their names in the good old American way."

I could see this wasn't logical, but, after all, Mr. Pritchard was so much older than either father or myself that I thought perhaps he was right. Anyhow, he had a convincing voice, very hard and didactic, and I began to waver in my allegiance to the time-honored pronunciations.

"And how would you pronounce Don Quixote?" said I.

"Why, how could ye pronounce it but the right way?" said he rather testily. "Don Quix-it."

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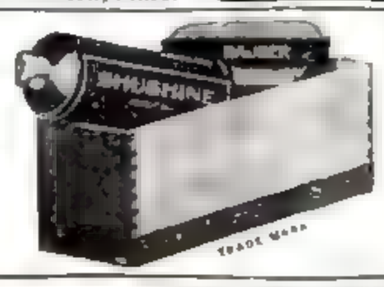

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That was the way father had said was right, and I went forth glad that we all agreed on one point.

Not long after I was invited to spend the evening at the house of Mr. Chase, a musical friend of my father's, a man at whose home one might meet musicians from all lands.

I must have introduced the subject rather badly—I was but seventeen—but finding myself in a corner with this Mr. Chase, the musical amateur, I said, "Aren't you very fond of the music of Wagner and Handel and Haydn?"

He looked at me with some curiosity, and then waiting a moment to give his remark greater significance he said:

'Well, 'Papa H'ydn' is a little too old-fashioned for me and one can get too much of Hendel, but I am thoroughly fond of Vogner. And if you will pardon me—remember, I went to school with your father and remember you as an infant in arms—if you are going to move about much among musicians you will do well to notice my pronunciation of the proper names you have just used. It is not to your discredit. People up your way are apt to pronounce a word according to English spelling, but it's just as easy to be right, and it is much pleasanter.'

Well, I could have sunk through the floor. To think that I had pronounced those words right all my life and now, conforming to that misinformed Pritchard's habit, I had made an ass of myself before Chase, of all men.

I started to explain, but just then Señor Quisada, a clever amateur singer who accompanied himself on the guitar, came up to speak to Mr. Chase, and my chance was lost. But later I did say to Mr. Chase:

'At any rate, sir, I know how to pronounce *Thervantes'* lackadaisical hero, Don Quixote.'

'What!' said Mr. Chase, wringing his hands. He had several mannerisms and was apt to exaggerate his emotions almost to the point of burlesque. "Oh, hear the little man!" (And I was five feet seven at that very time.) "Why, my dear fellow, it is Don Kehota. It's a Spanish word and should be pronounced in the Spanish manner." He appealed to Señor Quisada, who said with great dignity and in most gutteral tones that Don Kehota was right.

It was not many days later that I called on a Columbia professor. He and my father had been students together at Trinity College in Hartford, and I was paying him my respects after the third rather strong hint from my parent.

I refrained from mentioning the trio of composers, for I knew that he did not know one bar of music from another, and I presumed that he pronounced them as Mr. Pritchard did if he ever took the trouble to utter their names; but happening to pass by a bookshelf containing several Spanish works I said airily:

'I see you have Don Kehota.'

I knew he was a linguist and I was proud of my pronunciation for nearly thirty seconds. Then the castle I had builded in Spain fell to the ground, for Mr. Annabel said:

'Excuse me for venturing to question your Castilian pronunciation of that name, but don't you think as an American that Don Quixote would be a better way to call it?"

Good Heavens! was he arraying himself on the side of the dogmatic but unlearned Mr. Pritchard? And he a professor of languages!

'Why, sir," said I in astonishment, "a Spaniard told me that Don Kehota was the way it is called in Spain.'

'And he was quite right," said Professor Annabel, "but did he tell you how he spelled it?"

No, sir; but I suppose if he knew how to pronounce it he knew how to spell it."

Professor Annabel smiled. "The Spaniards spell it Q-u-i-j-o-t-e and pronounce it accordingly, with the h sound of j. If you wish to be consistent be sure to spell it Quixote if you pronounce it that way; but as the work was translated into English centuries ago and as we have Anglicized the good Don's name, if you wish to be consistent and spell it Q-u-i-x-o-t-e you must pronounce it as it is spelled, Don Quix-ote, or Quixit, to be exact."

All this happened some years ago, but to this day if I have occasion to use foreign words and give them the foreign pronunciation I am sure to do it among those who call me down, and if ever I say Don Quixote I am sure to encounter a pedant who insists upon Kehota, even though he spells it with an x, and if I use Kehota with a j I am sure to run up against a man who says, 'For Heaven's sake, be an American!'

I wish those Babel people had not gone into tower building.

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By
MRS. HELEN ARMSTRONG

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[illegible] Book of new and delightful cooking recipes sent free, by The [illegible] Starch Co., Chicago, U. S. A.

Oddities & Novelties of Every-Day Science

WHY POPCORN POPS — The imprisoned moisture of the kernels must get out somehow.

WHY does popcorn pop? Most people probably have wondered what the reason was, but only recently has science taken up the question and furnished an answer. Popcorn pops because of the expansive power of steam.

A grain of popcorn is a receptacle filled with tightly-packed starch grains. Its interior is divided into a large number of cells each of which may be regarded as a tiny box, with walls strong enough to resist considerable pressure from within. When heat is applied the moisture present in each little box is converted into steam, which finally escapes by explosion.

In order to secure a satisfactory popping there is required a very high heat, which causes most of the cells to explode simultaneously. The grain of corn then turns literally inside out, and is transformed into a relatively large mass of snow-white starch, beautiful to the eye.

Though gaining so largely in bulk by popping, the grain of corn loses considerably in weight. It has been found that one hundred average grains of unpopped corn weigh thirteen grammes, whereas the same number of grains after popping weigh only eleven grammes. The difference is the weight of the evaporated water originally contained in the corn grains.

If the popcorn is old and dry it will not pop well. At best, a few cells near the centre of the grain will burst, and the result is not satisfactory. At the base of the kernels, where the latter are attached to the cob, the cells appear to be dryest, and it is noticed that these cells are seldom ruptured in the popping. It may be that this is why popcorn is always preserved on the cob, and never "shucked" for market.

Nearly all of the popcorn raised for market in this country is grown in New England. Great quantities of it are popped, buttered, and put up in packages, which are sold by millions all over the United States.

DATE GROWING IN ARIZONA — The conditions of climate and soil make it a likely possibility.

THE cultivation of date palms seems likely to afford a profitable industry in the deserts of Arizona, where the climate is admirably suited to the purpose. Accidental trees, from seeds of imported dates thrown away by those who ate the fruit, first called attention to the golden possibility, which has been so far realized that the new departure in horticulture is declared to have already passed the experimental stage.

An expert plant-hunter, Mr. Fairchild, was sent by the Department of Agriculture to look up the subject in the region of the Persian Gulf, which is the greatest date producing area in the world and furnishes the bulk of the dates sold in our markets. He obtained young plants and shoots of several superior varieties, hitherto unknown in this country—such as the Mozaty, the fruit of which is packed in date syrup in small earthen jars—and these are already being propagated under Government auspices for eventual distribution among planters in Arizona.

There seems to be more than a possibility of developing in this country a seedless variety, inasmuch as occasional trees in the Persian Gulf region produce dates that have no seeds; and it is further suggested by Mr. Fairchild that this wonderful fruit, which now is used in America only as a second-class confection, might be utilized as a basis for a nutritious and valuable new food. The nutritiousness of the fruit is proved by the fact that the Arabs of the Arabian Desert live almost exclusively on dates and bread. Travelers report that three pounds of dates and a small amount of wheat bread a day will keep an Arab in good health indefinitely.

The stickiness of dates makes them very hard to pack properly. In the region of the Persian Gulf they are put up by filthy Arabs, under such conditions of dirt that any civilized person who saw the work performed would be likely to make up his mind never to touch the imported fruit again. In this country, of course, the business would be conducted differently.

In the region of the Persian Gulf there are from 15,000,000 to 20,000,000 date palms, and

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over 100,000,000 pounds of the fruit have been exported in a single year from the principal shipping port in that part of the world. No other date-producing area can compare in size to the plantations that extend seventy miles in an unbroken forest along the Shat-el-Arab River.

This strip of forest varies in width from less than a mile to over three miles, and more than 5,000,000 trees, it is estimated, are packed into it. There is nothing comparable to it in the world.

At Bassora occasional large canals extend more than two miles and a half into the desert at right angles to the river, and give off numerous side ditches. These mains are navigable by large steam launches, and form the avenues by which dates are transported to the steamers that lie in the river during the shipping season. The large canals, planted for their whole length with palms, have all the appearance of rivers flowing through a great forest of dates.

Mr. Fairchild says that the Persian Gulf is one of the hottest regions in the world. In Muscat the thermometer in summer frequently goes up to 120 in the shade, and stays there for days. The sea water in the harbor sometimes registers 96 degrees Fahrenheit, and the eight Europeans who live there, in order to make sleep a possibility, spend the nights on the flat roofs of their houses, and use machines like fanning mills, which force a draft of air through a perpetually-wet screen.

Conditions in the deserts of Arizona resemble to a considerable extent those of the region above described, and it is believed that, with the aid of scientific irrigation to make use of all available water, great areas of the Territory can be covered with forests of date palms and made to yield fruit of a quality far superior to the imported.

THE FARMER CHEMIST—With a pocket knife and a little common-sense he may make valuable analyses.

THE American farmer is learning to apply the knowledge that science has been gathering for his benefit. He knows already that corn of different kinds is wanted by stock breeders and starch-makers, and he is breeding the grain accordingly. The stock growers desire maize that is rich in "protein," which is the stuff that goes to produce muscle and blood; the manufacturers of starch require all of that substance the corn can furnish, and there is a special demand for corn that is rich in oil.

The farmer has been taught to find out, by merely cutting a grain of corn into pieces with a knife, just about what percentages it contains of oil, of starch and of muscle-forming stuff. He knows that nearly all of the oil is in the "germ," that the "protein" is mainly in the horny coat of the seed, and that the interior of the grain, apart from the germ, is packed with starch. A grain of corn, in fact, is a little box of starch inclosed in a horny case. If the thickness of the case is increased the amount of starch it contains is diminished, or vice versa.

Understanding these facts, it is easy enough for the farmer to select suitable seed for the kind of corn crop he wishes to produce. By taking note of the size of the germ, he can pick out high-oil corn or low-oil corn. Low-oil corn is much desired as feed for bacon hogs, inasmuch as ordinary maize contains too much oil for the production of the hard, firm bacon which commands the best price in the market. The hominy mills, also, desire low-oil corn, because the corn oil tends to become rancid and to injure the salable quality of their output.

On the other hand, the glucose manufacturers, who are the great producers of corn oil as a by-product in their business, demand corn that is rich in this ingredient. Corn oil is worth five cents a pound, whereas the starch of the grain is worth only one and one half cents.

The contents of a bushel of ordinary maize (fifty-six pounds) is four and one-half pounds of germ, thirty-six pounds of dry starch, seven pounds of gluten and five pounds of bran or hull, the remainder of the weight being chiefly water.

The farmer, in the manner described, can control the structure of the corn he produces. He may make it low in oil or high in oil, rich or otherwise in protein, productive or the opposite in starch. It all depends on whether he proposes to sell his grain to stock-breeders, the hominy mills or the makers of glucose and commercial starch.

No chemical analyses are required; all he needs is a little common-sense and a pocket-knife. Each seed examined represents an ear, and the grains in an ear will plant a row in the field.

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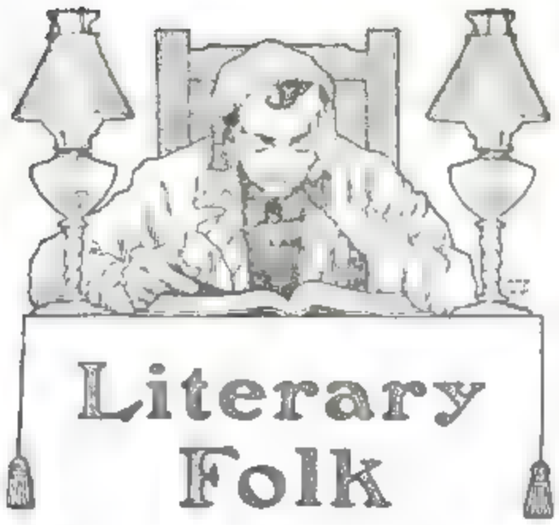


Literary Folk

Their Ways and Their Work

THE STUFF THAT DREAMS ARE MADE OF—As perishable as dew, it vanishes with the break of day.

¶ George Horton is much interested in the psychology of dreams. "I have always wondered," he says, "if people ever dream out a poem or the plot of a story. In my own case it happened to me to dream out something that I remembered and that I have never been able to judge—as to whether it is a great poem or abject nonsense. I thought I was among wild and lonely mountains and that I felt a sublime uplift in their presence. All at once it began to thunder, and a freshness came into the air of which I drank deep and termed it Inspiration, and then I said to my soul these words:

Enter, my Soul: this is the place we seek
And while God's presence all His temple fills
Old Prophet Thunder from a pulpit peak
Is preaching to the congregated hills

I was awakened by terrific thunder, and lightning was seething through the chamber. The words were still in my mind, and, indeed, I have never forgotten them."

The circumstances will be remembered under which Coleridge composed Kubla Kan. "In consequence of a slight indisposition an anodyne had been prescribed, from the effects of which he fell asleep in his chair." During his sleep he had "the most vivid confidence that he could not have composed less than from two to three hundred lines. . . . On awaking he appeared to have a distinct recollection of the whole, and taking his pen, ink and paper, instantly and eagerly wrote down the lines that are here preserved."

Then follows the fragment of which Mr. Swinburne says, "It is hard to speak at all, hopeless to speak adequately," which is "beyond all praise and all words of men, outside of all law and jurisdiction of ours to be received in a rapture of silence, such a silence as Chapman describes, which—

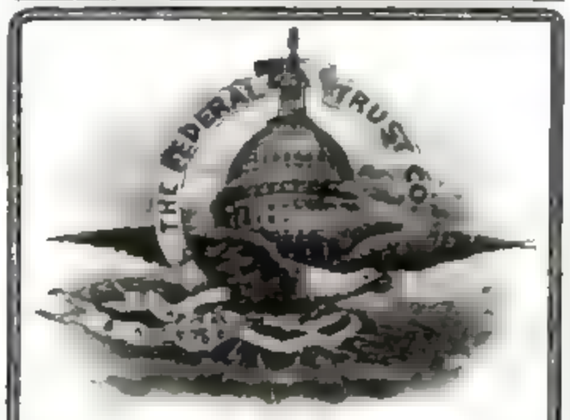
left so free mine ears
That I might hear the music of the spheres
And all the angels singing out of Heaven

Coleridge himself professed to esteem it "rather as a psychological curiosity than on the ground of any supposed *poetic* merit."

THE COMPROMISES OF LIFE—A collection of addresses and lectures from the pen of Henry Watterson.

¶ A very modest prefatory note to The Compromises of Life, by Henry Watterson (*Fox, Duffield and Company*), declares that "in issuing this volume of lectures and addresses the publishers are induced by many considerations to believe that they meet a requisition of the reading public." The note goes on to support and expound this belief, but the reader will give or refuse it his assent on the evidence of the pages themselves. He will not refuse. He has the soundest and best reasons for not refusing; and he ought to think less of himself on putting the book away for ever doubting that he could refuse.

These addresses and lectures have been delivered over a period of a quarter of a century. They begin with a memorial of Prentice, to whose chair Mr. Watterson succeeded, and end with an appendix of excerpts from the discussion begun in the columns of the Louisville Courier-Journal "on certain downward tendencies in the smart set of fashionable society." This discussion kicked up a prodigious cloud of dust when it was first printed, and will likely be soonest called to mind in connection with the author's



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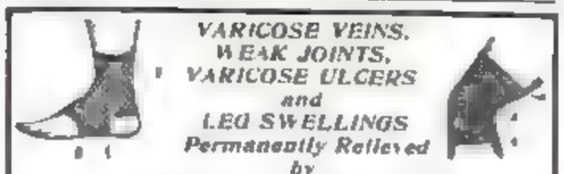

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name; but it is the least important thing in the book—Mr. Watterson has disclaimed in it any other intent than "to take account of passing events and shoot folly as it flies." It is not intended, therefore, to develop that argument but rather to insist on the admirable quality of Americanism that runs through the whole book like the roof tree of a well-built house. Everything depends from it and everything in turn supports and steadies it. Observation, experience, analysis and constructive reasoning furnish and rear it, but its inmost fibre is a personal growth, an intuitive and emotional conviction. It is persuasive, it is colloquial, it wears an easy air of assurance, it is grave, it is gay, it is anything the occasion asks. You see it shape itself to the sympathies of the audience and the demands of the hour. For remember that these are addresses and lectures whose appeal was to the immediate ear, not the ripened reflection, of hearers, not readers. Remember that, as Macaulay wrote, "Oratory is to be estimated on principles different from those which are applied to other productions . . . A speaker who exhausts the whole philosophy of a question, who displays every grace of style, yet produces no effect on his audience, may be a great essayist, a great statesman, a great master of composition; but he is not an orator." And this is oratory. Remember that and you will forgive the somewhat obvious effectiveness of the more rhetorical passages, the quotations that do double duty, the verbal plays in questionable taste, the fondness for a strutting phrase—"bell towers and buttresses" dot the flowery fields of the good colonel's fair pages thicker than châteaux in Touraine—while you divine and admire the tactful adroitness that made them serviceable to the momentary needs of a reasoned and generous philosophy.

Remember, too, that it took strength of mind to speak in those years following the war and the worse years of reconstruction the words that read so urbanely now. No hysterics, no sentimentality, but the same brave and humorous sanity that in later years, before the New England Society could respond to the toast of Puritan and Cavalier, "a plague of both your houses"; and then go on, in whimsical but purposeful paradox, to prove that there were more Puritans in the South than in the North and more Cavaliers in the North than in the South; that "Webster had all the vices that are supposed to have signalized the Cavalier and Calhoun all the virtues that are claimed for the Puritan"; that "Albert Sidney Johnston, the most resplendent of modern Cavaliers—the very rose and expectancy of the young Confederacy—did not have a drop of Southern blood in his veins"; that "the one Puritan soldier of the war—mark you!—was a Southern not a Northern soldier: Stonewall Jackson of the Virginia line," whereas, if we should care to pursue the subject further back, Ethan Allen and John Stark and Mad Anthony Wayne were "Cavaliers, each and every one"—in short, God bless you, we are all one people

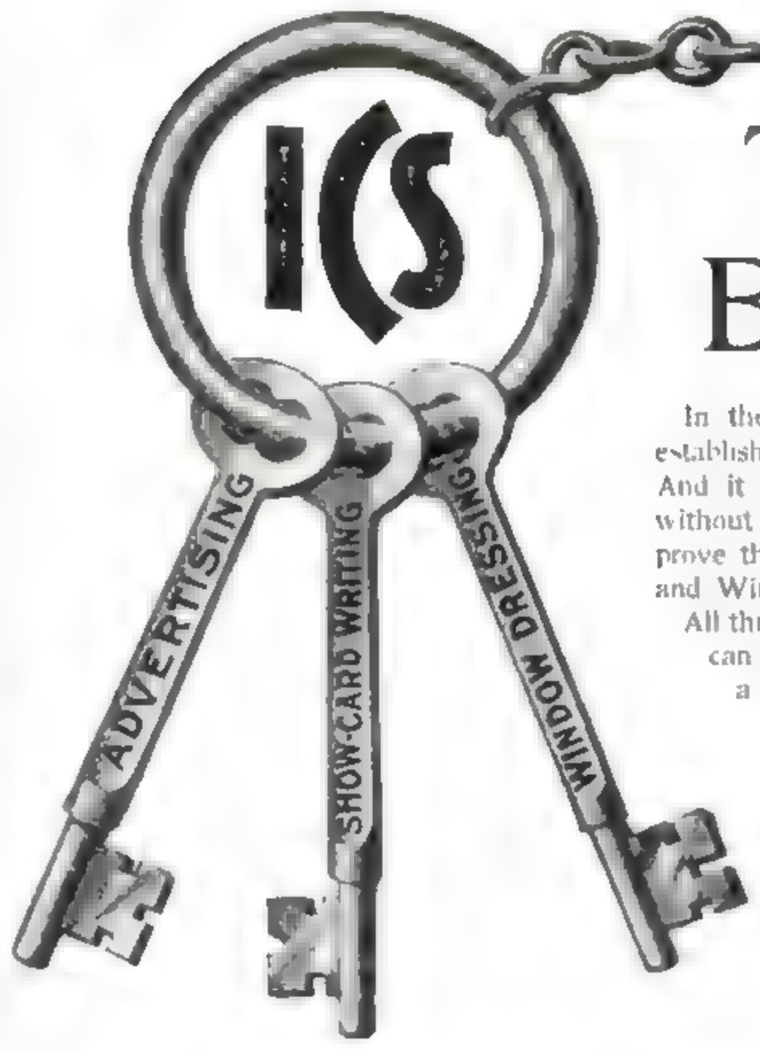
No one, nowadays, will quarrel with this gospel. As some fool said on reading Herbert Spencer, "Why, this is nothing new!" All the more honor to the wit that has made it current commonplace. It has been the fashion in some quarters to take Mr. Watterson rather lightly. No doubt he has his foibles; but he wears them well. A loyal soldier of the Confederacy, he has been an effective and loyal citizen of the Union—a Southerner "who ate no fire in the green leaf and has eaten no dirt in the brown."

THE CASE AGAINST COEDUCATION—
A physician's statement of an argument that has been hotly contested.

¶ The case of the "higher coeducation" is still before the court. Not out of any spirit of imitation, but because as communities grow richer, more densely populated and more complexly organized the same forces that have made themselves felt in the old begin to stir in the new. Eastern opinion in this country seems to incline toward continental usage, while Western opinion leans the other way

Argument from counsel for both parties has been loud and intemperate. Dr. Ely Van de Warker in asserting Woman's Unfitness for Higher Coeducation *(The Grafton Press)* rebukes this intemperance with a harshness not less bitter and personal than the acerbity he resents.

The presentation of his argument suffers, accordingly, in dignity and in compactness, but it contains facts worth the consideration of parents who have sons and daughters to send to college



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The I. C. S. Course in Advertising teaches the student how to analyze any article of merchandise, find its selling points, and write and lay out a first-class ad that will so present these selling points as to impel the reader to become a purchaser of the article advertised. It also teaches him enough of typographical and illustrative display, and engraving and printing processes, to qualify him to do his work intelligently and effectively. The instruction in advertising management and department store advertising is full and practical.

Joseph E. Bark, Director of Advertising. Cable Address, "Snelly," Philadelphia. Long Distance Telephone.

N. SNELLENBURG & CO.
Market, Eleventh and Twelfth Sts.
Philadelphia, Pa., Sept. 28, 1901.

[illegible] Practical [illegible] started the Salesmanship Course ahead of [illegible]. Little by little [illegible] expend. To the student who studies your lessons will carry learning—they are plausible, they are pointed, they are practical. More, they will act as a tonic to a man's thinktank. If my advice were asked by ambitious men who aspire to a thorough knowledge of advertising, I would commend your Course. It has my unqualified [illegible].

Joseph E. Bark

The International Correspondence Schools is recognized as one of the world's best advertised institutions. It has employed practically every legitimate kind of advertising. It maintains a complete advertising department for writing, designing and placing advertising; and for conducting a general, mail order and local advertising campaign. The course was written by the advertising manager.

"It would be a relief if the International Correspondence Schools of Scranton, were to run at least one advertisement open to criticism. It would be a welcome change to the monotony of constant praise."

Printers' Ink Advertising Weekly, January, 1901.

The most favorable time to enter this great field is *now*. Business men that have doubled the efficacy, even the necessity, of advertising are thoroughly alive to the fact that their trade is leaving them and shifting to the wise advertiser. They see new firms enter their fields, without friends, without reputation, and advertise themselves to quick success, largely at the expense of the non-advertiser. In imitation of these new competitors, they buy costly advertising space and fill it with type, only to learn that space is nothing but space after all; that ad writing has become the science of merchandising through the press; and that none but a trained specialist can produce ads that produce trade. Now, they want ad writers. They want them right away. The demand is so strong that even incompetent men are being paid good salaries until they can be replaced by trained ad writers.

Young man, learn ad writing! Learn to write ads that will make money for your employer, and they will make money for you. If you have a common-school education and ordinary business sense, you can certainly master and successfully apply to any business the I. C. S. system of ad writing.

Learn REAL ad writing from REAL advertisers.

Show-Card Writing

Show-Card Writing is one of the most important branches of advertising. No business, great or small, is independent of it. Everywhere, from the petty tradesman to the great corporation, the modern show-card fills a place of immense importance in directing the currents of trade.

Announcements that offend the artistic sense, or that are carelessly designed or worded, are rarely read; and when read, more often turn away trade than bring it. A show-card is generally the closing argument of a long campaign of advertising, and is therefore worthy of careful preparation. It is now the habit of the public to expect neat, original and tastefully arranged show-cards in the show-windows and about the business premises of the people who sell things. No business man with any sense of the fitness of things dares offend the public eye with carelessly prepared announcements of goods or prices.

Nearly all retailers now use show-cards. Therefore all, directly or indirectly, must employ show-card writers. This creates a demand. The supply has never yet been large enough to meet this demand. Herein lies the opportunity of the ambitious clerk or salesman. Through our instruction in Show-Card Writing, he can quickly qualify for paying work in an uncrowded and remunerative field.

Our Course in Show-Card Writing includes the only complete and up-to-date instruction on the subject that has ever been prepared. It is the only one that takes into account the most modern developments in business methods and in the science of advertising; and, lastly, it is the only course that is at all adapted to the system of training by mail. There is no method or style of treatment used by up-to-date professional show-card writers that is not taught in this Course.

Any person that enrolls in our Show-Card Writing Course and follows our instructions faithfully, devoting the required time to study and practice, can become a good show-card writer. No one is surer of employment at good wages than is the professional show-card writer.

THE "J. AMOUS"
[illegible], Oct. Jan. 23, 1902.

International Correspondence Schools,
Gentlemen—At the time of [illegible] I was employed as a clerk in a clothing store. I knew nothing whatever of show-card writing, and had never even handled a brush. Now as a result of the Schools' training, I am writing show-cards for a large general store, and my salary has been greatly increased. The Letter Plates, Instruction Papers and Bound Volumes are unequaled, and the outfit and materials of the highest grade.

James E. Gothen

Window Trimming

Every merchant nowadays is convinced of the great value of an attractively dressed window, and many who would not spend a penny in newspaper advertising are yet most anxious to have their store "look right," and are willing to pay handsomely for the service. Herein lies the opportunity of the ambitious clerk. If to his abilities as a salesman he adds the qualifications of window trimming, he is assured of a permanent, paying position. The fairly well-equipped window trimmer will average about $25.00 per week, while the "cracker-jacks" of the profession—the men that originate strong, attractive, business-bringing displays—get as high as $75.00 a week.

The I. C. S. Course in window dressing and store decoration will not only advance the window dresser to the front ranks of his profession, but will also qualify clerks and inexperienced persons for this desirable line of work.

Our instruction teaches the student not only to put up artistic shows, but to prepare attractions that bring business. The Course is an epitome of the ideas and writings of the most prominent decorators in this country, the whole having been recently arranged and edited by a trimmer and writer on trimming subjects, of national reputation—for over fifteen years with Wanamaker's and other large concerns, as chief window dresser.

48 East Ninth St.
Leadville, Colo., Nov. 22, 1901.

International Correspondence Schools,
Gentlemen—When I enrolled in the International Correspondence Schools, I was employed as a dry goods clerk with a salary of $20 a month. I am now engaged as a window trimmer and card writer and receive a salary of $90 a month. The knowledge derived from my Course has enabled me to make this change in position and increase my salary. Correspondence instruction as conducted by the International Correspondence Schools is second to none. J. Frank Hutchason.

Cut out, fill in and mail this coupon, and learn how we can help you.

International Correspondence Schools,
Box 998, Scranton, Pa.

Please send me your booklet "1001 Stories of Success" and explain how I can qualify for the position before which I have marked X

Ad Writer	Building Contractor
Show Card Writer	Architect
Window Trimmer	Mechanical Engineer
Analytical Chemist	Mine Foreman
Sheet Metal Draftsman	Mech. Draftsman
Ornamental Designer	Foreman Machinist
Sign Painter	Foreman Toolmaker
Illustrator	Foreman Patternmaker
Show Card Writer	Foreman Molder
Stenographer	Refrigerator Engineer
Textile Designer	Electrical Engineer
Electrician	Elec. Mech. Designer
Elec. Lighting Supt.	Mechanical Engineer,
Elec. Railway Supt.	Bridge Engineer
Telephone Engineer	Railroad Engineer
Telegraph Engineer	Surveyor
Mechanic	Mining Engineer
Machinist	Textile Manufacturer
Steam Engineer	Stationary Engineer
Marine Engineer	Heat and Vent. Eng.
Civil Engineer	Contractor and Builder
Hydraulic Engineer	Arch. Draftsman
	Sign Painter

Name [illegible]

Street and No. [illegible]

City [illegible] State [illegible]

For Your Desk Mr. Business Man

Free to You with Your Name in Gold

Elbert Hubbard, The "Roycrofters," E Aurora, N Y — "I think that your cabinet has added several years to my earth life by enabling me to find the thing without wear or tear on my temper and vocabulary"

Geo H Daniels Gen'l Pass'r Agent, N Y C & H R R Co , "I find them indispensable to me in my work

This is the most convenient device ever invented for filing and classifying [illegible] all miscellaneous matter which comes to your desk and which you may want without a minute's delay. It is a savings bank for information — worth 47 scrap books. It consists of a number of specially made holders arranged in a substantial, [illegible] proof box Each holder not only shows what is contained in it, but by an improved indexing system shows just where everything else referring to its contents may be found Especially useful to business men because it sets conveniently on your desk and takes care, absolutely, of all papers and data that you might otherwise lose or forget This cabinet is a genuine Library Filing Cabinet never before made in desk size and has sold for from $15 00 to $500 00 in larger sizes. The desk cabinet which we offer you free is equal in every respect to the expensive kinds except in size. The free offer is in connect on with

SYSTEM

Edited by A. W. SHAW

SYSTEM gives every month 164 or more pages of indispensable information for business men. System is essential to business success. And so is SYSTEM, the magazine It tells every month all the new business tricks that save time — all the little office wrinkles that save worry. Through SYSTEM you can learn all that anyone can possibly tell you about system and business methods. The regular reading of SYSTEM will solve your business problems [illegible] SYSTEM has a staff of experts — practical business men — who will answer your questions gladly and cheerfully and promptly. This service will cost you not [illegible] penny if you become a subscriber to SYSTEM The price of SYSTEM is two dollars a year. It is worth a great deal more than that to any alert man with his eyes [illegible]

An official of the National Cash Register Company says: "The ideas gathered from your magazine have enabled me to formulate systems for Mr. Patterson's letters, books, pamphlets, orders, etc., which have simplified the work greatly"

"I have learned more from SYSTEM in five months than in ten years of hard study and knocks in business. It is worth ten times the charges for it

F A. PHILBRICK, Baraboo, Wisconsin

Special Offer to Post Readers:

We said the desk cabinet would cost you nothing. Here is the way Send us two dollars for a year's subscription to SYSTEM and we will send you, every cost prepaid, a cabinet with your name in gold on the top. Write your name and address in the white space opposite, tear out this advertisement and mail it to us Write plainly, so that we will make no mistake in setting your name. Inclose the money and we will enter you as a subscriber — send you an expert consultation certificate, entitling you to free advice — and ship you the cabinet. Act at once We have only a few of the cabinets on hand and we believe they will be snapped up in a hurry. ACT.

WRITE NAME AND ADDRESS HERE

THE SYSTEM COMPANY
934 First National Bank Building, Chicago

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Practical Instruction · Tuition earned as you learn

INDIVIDUAL INSTRUCTION in Heating Engineering, including Principles and Practice of modern heating [illegible] Hot Water and Steam (high and low pressure), exhaust and vacuum systems). Enable you to [illegible] figure, lay out and erect heating plants according to latest business practice.

This is not simply a theoretical course, but practical individual instruction by heating engineer of 15 years experience using blue print drawings, special lessons, personal criticisms, etc. Teaches how to measure and plan building plans, make all calculations for windows, exposure, etc., how to figure size of radiators, boilers and piping and test plant complete.

Prospectus tells how you can earn tuition and go into business for yourself without capital. It will be sent on application.

ANDREWS SCHOOL OF HEATING
501 Globe Building, Minneapolis, Minn.

The Reading Table

Compact and Lucid

THE Honorable "Tim" Tarsney, solicitor of the city of Detroit and former member of Congress from the Saginaw district of Michigan, tells a story of an Irishman in his district, a liberal contributor to the campaign fund and a strong man financially, but with little or no education. Some of the boys thought it would tickle the old man to propose him for chairman of a big political meeting, but they had no idea he would accept. He did accept, however, and on mounting the platform made the following speech

"Gintlemin of the Convention. I congratulate yez most heartily upon the choice of yure chairman. You kin rest asshured that as long as the bulluk of the population consttitutes the masses of the people there will be no danger from the privilidged few. The convention is now ready for business."

With His Entire Approval

T. V. POWDERLY, formerly Commissioner-General of Immigration, tells a story that was repeated to him by one of the inspectors.

It appears that a certain German immigrant, just after landing in this country, became very friendly with the inspector in question. As he remained in New York, where he was employed by one of the big hotels, he visited from time to time the inspector who had put to him the usual questions upon his arrival at New York.

When the period of five years' residence in the United States, requisite to the obtaining of naturalization, had passed the Teuton sought out his old friend, the inspector, with inquiries as to what steps it would be necessary for him to take to obtain his citizenship papers

So his friend gave him the necessary advice, and, in a spirit of kindliness, promised to go with the German to the judge to whom application for naturalization was to be made.

The usual interrogatories were asked, among which was.

"You have read the Constitution of this country?"

"No, your honor," responded the German stolidly; "no, I haf not read der Constitution; but my frent Krause he haf read it to me. Und I vish to say dot I liked it fery much. It is fery nice, your honor, und I am fery much bleased mit it!"

The judge granted the necessary papers.

The Unselfish Elephant

THE story is still told by circus men of a certain big elephant that did something worthy of being immortalized A little girl and her father had one day been looking at him admiringly. In the little girl's lunch-basket were a couple of oranges, and her father asked her if it wouldn't be nice, now, to give that poor old elephant one of them. The suggestion appealed at once and strongly; and forthwith the biggest orange was handed over. The elephant took it in his "hand" with a befitting undulation.

But having relished for a moment the joys of being generous, the smile began gradually to disappear from that small girl's face. Her nether lip dropped down, and suddenly she went off into a gathering wail.

"But — but *now*, I want it *back!* I — I want it *back!*"

"But, don't you see, dearie, you can't get it back now. It's too late"

"No, it ain't, neither! He ain't *et* it yet!"

"No, no, now — you just come along with me."

"I won't — I won't come along! — I want my orange back!"

Her cries of woe became louder and louder. It was a hopeless embarrassment. But that "poor old elephant" released them from it himself. He reached forward, and with dignity dropped that orange over the railing again! In one family at least there is a belief in pachyderm understanding and self-sacrifice which no evidence to the contrary can ever shake.

Of the group of keepers, however, who told that story one added an illuminating explanatory note. With elephants, it seems, oranges have never been any great "divarsion," anyhow. But, almost no matter what an elephant is offered, he will generally take and hold it for a time before finally making up his mind to reject it.

How to Get this Baseball Outfit FREE

EVERY BOY who sells a certain number of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST gets a Baseball Suit (shirt, trousers, stockings, cap, shoes) and a Mitt, Mask and Ball. He also gets a Watch, a Name Stamp, a Football, a Punching Bag and other prizes.

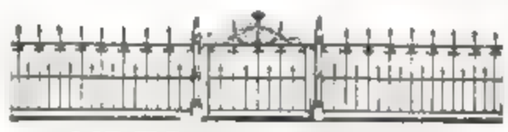
These are all in addition to the regular commissions paid to every boy who sells

The Saturday Evening Post

After school hours on Fridays and on Saturdays. Some boys are making $15 00 a week and over. The work is easy. No money required to begin. If you will try it we will furnish the first week's supply of 10 copies without charge, to be sold at 5 cents each; after that all you require at wholesale prices. Write to-day for full particulars and booklet "How Boys Make Money," written by some of our successful boys.

$250 IN CASH and a Trip to the St. Louis Fair Next Summer as PRIZES for Boys who do good work Next Month

For all particulars address BOY DEPT, THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, 1125 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.



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A practical Journal of useful information in [illegible] plans and suggestions for advertising; eighth year, 24 to 32 pages monthly. Send to-day for FREE sample copy, or 10c for four months' trial subscription.

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The United States Government [illegible] the largest poultry and [illegible] breeders. Our catalog will interest you Send for it
PRAIRIE STATE INCUBATOR CO.
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DE POTTER TOURS

[illegible]
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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST offers a full course, all expenses paid, in any college, conservatory or business school in the country in return for a little work done in leisure hours. You select the school — we pay the bills. If you are interested, send a line addressed to

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RELIABLE INCB. & BRDR. CO., Box B-4, QUINCY, ILL.

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and Announcements printed and engraved Up-to-date styles. Finest work and material 100 Stylish Visiting Cards, 75c. Samples and valuable booklet, "Wedding Etiquette," FREE.
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STAMPS 100 all different Peru, Cuba, Bolivia, Mexico, Argentine, Brazil, Costa Rica, Turkey, etc., and ALBUM, only 10c 1000 mixed, 20c 1000 hinges, 10c, 85 different U. S. 25c 1000 VARIETIES, $5.00 Agents wanted, 50 per cent. 1904 List FREE
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Famous Chainless Bicycles

Equipped with two-speed gear, coaster brake, and cushion frame.

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Catalogues free at our 10,000 dealers' stores, or any one Catalogue mailed on receipt of a two-cent stamp.

I know of no way of judging of the future but by the past.—Patrick Henry, 1765.

42 years Capable and Conservative management is this bank's pledge and your guarantee for the future.

4% interest paid on Savings or Investment accounts of any amount. Certificates of Deposit issued.

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This method brings our bank to your postoffice. Reliable and Prompt.

Those desiring a safe and profitable investment should write us for Booklet S. P.

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FOUNDED 1862

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IT HELPS ALL WHO WRITE AND CONTAINS

HAVE I USED THE RIGHT WORD? Consult 15,000 Synonyms and Antonyms. Page 191.

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IS THE SENTENCE GRAMMATICAL? Consult Rules of Grammar. Pages 20 and 24.

IS IT PROPERLY CONSTRUCTED? Consult Rules of Construction. Page 32.

HAVE I PUNCTUATED IT CORRECTLY? Consult How to Punctuate Correctly. Page 11.

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This volume has also Forms of Address; Slips of the Tongue and Pen; Abbreviations in Common Use; A Dictionary of Quotations, and much other miscellaneous matter of great value. Bound in leather; 355 pages. Mailed on receipt of 50c. by

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CHARLES AUSTIN BATES
184 William Street, New York, N. Y.

The Undeclared Proposal

(*Continued from Page 7*)

Endicott began to hear now. There are times, they say, when a man's mind travels millions of miles in an instant. Ned Endicott had been beating thought-records for the past few seconds. He had traveled back over two years, jumped about here and there, quite contrary to railroad schedule, remembering, thinking, seeing thousands of things under a new light. Finally he woke up after less than a second and felt a quick pressure on his arm. And then his face slowly closed like a book.

"Girl's an idiot," said Winthrop.

"I don't think so at all," exclaimed Mrs. Alton. "She did quite right. But think of the man and his thoughts."

"Well, he was out of a bad fix," said Braveur; "any girl who says one thing and does another would make a poor wife."

"I don't believe she gave a rap for him at any time," said Winston.

"How idiotic! I can imagine it perfectly." And Mrs. Braveur trembled a little. "What do you say, Eleanor?"

"Why, I can imagine a girl thinking it out and believing that a—a love affair begun in deception could never be really a happy one."

"Exactly," cried Mrs. Alton.

"And you, Mr. Endicott?" asked Lucy.

"The man was a selfish beast, so far as I can see."

"That's a new one!" laughed Braveur. "Why selfish?"

"Because he was apparently—Heaven knows I never heard the story—but he was only thinking of himself. Never gave a thought of the bad light he would put the girl in everywhere——"

"Ned, you ought to run a Sunday-school."

"Not a bit of it. A man who gets a girl to elope is a cheap John, anyway."

"Helen, what's your view?" asked Mrs. Alton.

"The girl couldn't have loved the man," said she quietly.

"Stuff!" said Braveur.

"Why?" asked two women at once.

"Because if she had she'd have gone with him anywhere at any time."

"The Maiden's Dream!" softly murmured Braveur.

Endicott was still traveling back and forward over the same ground at a nerve-straining pace while they talked on. Then in a low voice he said:

"Mrs. Braveur?"

"Yes?" guiltily.

"Is—is Miss Gardner—er—she's engaged?"

"What!"

"You said Miss Gardner was engaged?"

"I? Goodness me, no; not that I know of."

"I mean you said she was ill."

"Oh, yes. I'd forgotten. I was giving you an example, wasn't I?"

"Of the wit of woman in seeing things."

"Yes, yes," nervously.

"Well?"

"Oh, I only spoke of that because I could see what was going on."

"Is it true?"

"I'm as sure of it as if she had told me the whole story. But you promised not to tell—you mustn't forget that!"

"Never fear." She was a little scared at the expression in his voice. "Is she really engaged?"

"You stupid! If she were engaged she wouldn't be sick and worried to death, would she?"

"No, you're right. She wouldn't, would she?"

"I believe even Jim would have seen that."

Then, really afraid of what she had done, she turned to Alton and began talking fast about the girl who wouldn't run away.

Endicott sat for a few moments looking at the girl nearly opposite him. Then his jaw set. He took a card from his pocket and holding it concealed in the palm of his hand wrote with his pencil upon it, "I love you. Will you marry me?" and folded it carefully.

Then glancing at Mrs. Braveur, he motioned to the butler. The man came quietly. Nobody saw. Endicott put the paper in his hand.

"You see that lady—the second on the other side?"

"Yes, sir."

"The one in white?"

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5 Big Books, size 10 x 7¾ in.

Get a Good History of the U. S.

Cut the coupon in the lower corner off to-day. That's all you have to do and we will send you at **our** expense, for your examination, a slightly damaged set of

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New Imperial Edition. Revised to Date. Enlarged to Five Royal Octavo Volumes. Profusely Illustrated with Hundreds of New Pictures, Maps, Charts and Diagrams.

If you want a **really good** History of the United States, beyond question the most brilliant ever written, one that finds an enthusiastic welcome on the shelves of scholars, as well as in the homes of the educated everywhere, **and want it cheap, here is a splendid opportunity.**

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One Dollar Does the Work of Three

In the rush of our busiest season about 30 new sets in the beautiful half-leather binding were slightly damaged in our packing room, and as space is needed, we want to close them out quickly.

The damage is very slight and all on the outside, so rather than rebind such a small lot, we offer them at about what they would cost with the covers ripped off.

Further than this, as this Great Library of American History has delighted thousands at the regular prices, we are sure they will you; therefore, we will send you one of these sets at our expense, to be returned at our expense if not satisfactory.

Send no money. But cut that Coupon off to-day! That's ALL you have to do.

D. A. McKINLAY & CO.
36 East 22d Street
New York

SEND THIS COUPON TO-DAY—OR A COPY OF IT

S. E. P. Feb. 20.

D. A. McKinlay & Co. 36 E. 22d St. New York

Please send me on approval, prepaid, a slightly rubbed set of **Ridpath's History of the United States**, in Half-Leather binding. If satisfactory I will send you $1.00, and $1.00 per month thereafter for eleven months; if not satisfactory, will return within 10 days, charges collect.

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to-day than it will next year to make sure that your family will always have enough for comfort and education. Next year it may be impossible. Send for "The How and the Why."
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CHAUTAUQUA SCHOOL OF NURSING,
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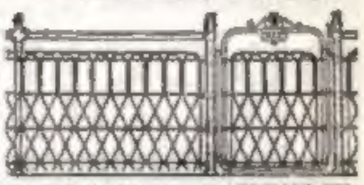

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beats 'em all. One customer writes he obtained 51 chicks from 50 eggs. The Bantam hatches every fertile egg every time. Catalogue proves it—sent free.

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Costs You Nothing

Desk is made of quartered oak throughout; nicely finished; surmounted by a mirror 4x11 in. The desk is 44 in. high, 27 in. wide and 21 in. deep, and has a drop leaf writing bed 12½x25 in.; fitted with lock and key; compartments for storing papers, etc.; drawer 26x3½x10 in.; French legs.

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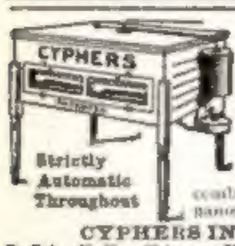

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King Folding Canvas Boat Co., 672 W. North St., Kalamazoo, Mich., U. S. A.

"Yes, sir."

"Give her this note now."

He watched the man go around the table—saw him approach her. Mrs. Braveur started to rise as a signal for the women to go.

He saw the butler stand behind Helen, saw her turn in surprise and take the card.

She opened it, glanced at it, and even he could see a sudden quiver go all through her and as quickly disappear.

The man held his breath and clenched his fists, following her with his eyes as she moved around the table. Slowly she came on. She must pass near him as he stood by the door. It seemed as if he could not wait.

On she came, her eyes on the ground.

She reached him and passed out last.

Endicott's heart sank. He felt a sickening misery in his chest.

Suddenly she stopped—turned back and looked at him an instant with shining eyes, and then turning to the butler who was closing the door said softly, but so that one other could hear:

"You may tell the gentleman 'Yes,' John."

A Little Union Scout

(Continued from Page 11)

"I thank you for saying that much," I declared. "The time may come—not soon, perhaps—when I shall have to ask you to trust me."

"Soon or late," she replied, "my answer will be the same."

I never was more shaken with the excitement of temptation than at that moment. She must have known it; they say women are quick at reading the thoughts of a man, but, instead of drawing away from me, she drew nearer. In another instant I should have seized her in my arms, the pale and lonely creature, but just then the sound of footsteps came along the hall, and I heard the happy laughter of Katherine Bledsoe. I had raised my arms, but I now lowered them. She had seized my hand.

"Good-by!" she said, and as soon as she could tear her hand from mine she was gone—gone by another door, and Harry and her companion came plump upon me standing in the hallway, gazing at the door through which Jane Ryder had disappeared. Then I turned and gazed at them, first at one and then at the other.

"What have you done with her?" inquired Kate, with just a shade of solicitude in her voice. "Oh, I hope you haven't hurt her," she cried. "She has the tenderest heart in the world."

"Hurt her? Hurt her?" It was all that I could say, and then all of a sudden I came to myself and stood there laughing very foolishly. "She ran away," I explained. "I don't know why. I am sure I didn't want her to go!"

Whereupon Kate fell to laughing, and kept it up until the tears came into her eyes.

We bade good-by to the household—though Jane Ryder was nowhere to be found—and went to our horses, which we had left in charge of Whistling Jim.

We had no more than mounted before we discovered that we were surrounded. We heard the tramp of horses on all sides. A quiet voice in the darkness made itself heard: "Don't shoot unless they resist!"

"Ride them down!" exclaimed Harry. My horse ran full into another horse, and he and his rider went down just as I used my pistol. Some one with an oath whacked me over the head with a sabre, my horse stumbled in the darkness, and down I went into chaos. I thought I heard some one singing, and then it seemed as if there was a free concert in progress, while I lay helpless in a gully out of which I could not climb.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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Gives cuts of every variety of fowl, together with prices for **singles, pairs, trios and pens,** and eggs for hatching, in season. Cuts and plans for poultry houses. It cost too much money and time to be given away, but is sent for **10 cents.**

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200 Eggs a Year Per Hen

The third edition of the book, "200 Eggs a Year Per Hen," is now ready. Revised, enlarged, and in part rewritten. 80 pages. Contains among other things the method of feeding by which Mr. S. D. Fox, of Wolfboro, N. H., won the prize of $100 in gold offered by the manufacturers of a well-known condition powder for the best egg record during the winter months. Simple as a, b, c—and yet we guarantee it to start hens to laying earlier and to induce them to lay more eggs than any other method under the sun. The book also contains recipe for egg food and tonic used by Mr. Fox, which brought him in one winter day 68 eggs from 72 hens; and for five days in succession from the same flock 64 eggs a day. Mr. E. F. Chamberlain, of Wolfboro, N. H., says: "By following the methods outlined in your book I obtained 1,496 eggs from 91 R. I. Reds in the month of January, 1902." From 14 pullets picked at random out of a farmer's flock the author got 2,999 eggs in one year—an average of over 214 eggs apiece. It has been my ambition in writing "200 Eggs a Year Per Hen" to make it the standard book on egg production and profits in poultry. Tells all there is to know, and tells it in a plain, common-sense way.

Price 30 cents, or **with a year's subscription, 60c.**; or given as a premium for **four yearly subscriptions to the American Poultry Advocate at 25c. each.**

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¶ With any kind of Cream or Frozen Fruit, with Coffee, Tea, or Vintage, serve Nabisco Sugar Wafers in the flavors of your choice

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AS THE largest real estate firm in the world we are undertaking the most important step in our history, and one which may mean the material prosperity of many people throughout the United States. We would therefore ask the careful attention of every man and woman who reads THE SATURDAY EVENING POST to see if this step does not contain an opportunity for you infinitely broader than any which is afforded in your own community.

Last year we sold more than $4,000,000 worth of New York City lots throughout the United States and the rest of the civilized world. We own and control more Brooklyn house lots than any firm or corporation in New York City, and we now propose to push our enterprises with the greatest energy everywhere. We intend to make our name and our reputation a household word throughout the country, and we desire a representative in every town and city in the United States.

If you are a man of character and energy, we have a plan by which you can partake of our prosperity and receive the direct benefits of our extensive advertising in building up a business

Z. M. P. INGE, Our Mobile Representative

MOBILE, ALA., September 1st, 1903.

To whom it may concern:

This is to certify that fourteen months ago I accepted a position as Mobile agent for Wood, Harmon & Company's New York properties in connection with an active law practice. I did so only after an investigation extending over six months, convincing myself of the absolute responsibility of the firm and the remarkable character of their properties. My commissions in the past year have amounted to $16,561, and this amount of money has been made without in the least neglecting a general law practice and other institutional work with which I am connected.

While it is possible that all persons who attempt to sell lots for Wood, Harmon & Company might not succeed, yet I cannot conceive how any man who will thoroughly acquaint himself with the facts, and put earnest and intelligent effort into his work, can fail to do handsomely for himself, nor can I see why there are not hundreds who are sufficiently well equipped to do at least as well as I. My faith in Wood, Harmon & Company and their properties may have been an important factor in my success, but it is certain the sale of New York real estate has been the easiest kind of work for me.

Yours very truly, Z. M. P. INGE.

Another agent made $9,747; another, $8,649 in the last year

Many are earning from $3,000 to $5,000 annually

YOU MAY DO AS WELL

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We desire only representative men. Men who are successful in the work they are now undertaking. Men who can give the best of references. We do not want failures. We believe the man who is a good business man in a small community needs only the opportunity to make relatively greater success where his field is broader. Many of the best successes of the great cities are those men who have made successes in the small towns, and we propose to bring the opportunity of the great city right to your own door. Last year three of our salesmen averaged over $11,000 apiece by their own unaided efforts, and two of them while working in small cities. We have many salesmen making from $3,000 to $5,000 a year, and in nearly every instance they are men who are either conducting their own business in conjunction with our work or, because ours was so much more profitable and attractive, have given up their other occupations entirely. If you are energetic, if your reputation is clean, there is no reason, as Mr. Inge says, why you cannot do as well as he. We desire to select our general agents from those who manifest ability, and eventually to give exclusive territory to men who are competent to manage and develop it.

The Opportunity is Practically Unlimited in its Possibilities

New York is rapidly becoming the financial centre of the world, as well as the centre of the largest population. Her real estate constitutes the most conservative of investments, and is owned and being sought for over the wide world. When combined with life insurance and offered in the attractive form in which we place it before the public, our New York City house lots form an investment of most intense interest and attractiveness. We intend to give all who apply this year the opportunity of securing territory in which we will protect them and in which they can grow with us and share in the magnitude of our future business. We do not care to be bothered with triflers, but to those who are thoroughly in earnest we will give every assistance to establish themselves permanently and partake of the great future our business is destined to enjoy. For full particulars address

Agency Department G-22

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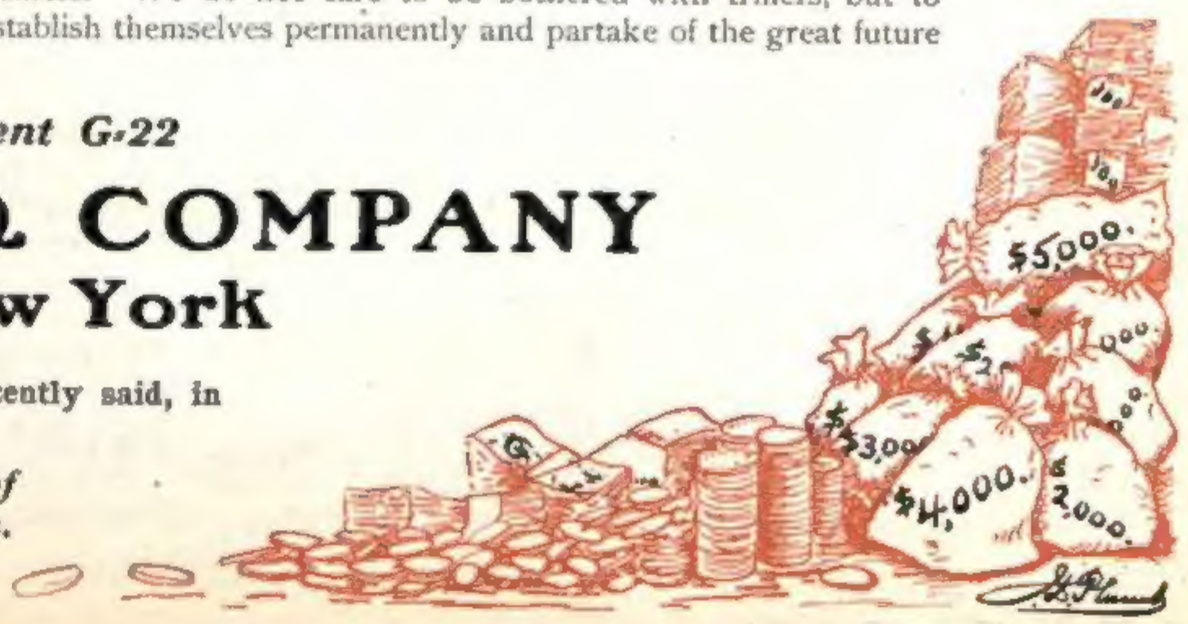
"A man who buys real estate in any of the five boroughs—of course exercising average good judgment—has a fortune before him. BROOKLYN is growing at the rate of 75,000 people a year."